

THE NEW AND BIGGER! Silver Screen

SEPTEMBER

10¢

Rita Hayworth

Intriguing Novelization!

"INTERNATIONAL LADY"

GEORGE
BRENT

ILONA
MASSEY

WHO'S THE LOVER HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR GIRLS ADORE?

For more entertainment—
FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!
 Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

JACK BENNY
 in
"Charley's Aunt"

with
KAY FRANCIS
JAMES ELLISON
 and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen
 Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar
 Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard
 Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo
 Produced by William Perlberg
 Screen Play by George Seaton

TYRONE in
**"A YANK IN THE
 R.A.F."**

with **BETTY GRABLE**
 and
 John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner
 Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen
 Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
 Original Story by Melville Crossman
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
 Directed by **HENRY KING**

SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE
 in

**Sun Valley
 Serenade**

with **GLENN MILLER** and his
 Orchestra
MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI
JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed
 by **H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Screen Play
 by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by
 Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and
 Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

"BELLE STARR"

THE BANDIT QUEEN
 with
RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY
 and

Dana Andrews • John Shepperd
 Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills
 Directed by Irving Cummings
 Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

IN TECHNICOLOR!

You'll be seeing them...

He's the girl
 of the year →

Jack Benny as
 "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as
 "A Yank In The R.A.F."
 with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and
 John Payne in
 "Sun Valley Serenade"
 with Glenn Miller
 and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott
 and Gene Tierney
 in "Belle Starr"



A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress— but the Same Old Question of a Date!



No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

NO ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, however fresh it leaves you, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the risk of underarm odor to come. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and never know it.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

• • •
FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS **LION'S ROAR**

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

How many of you are Greer Garson conscious? Last year about this time she came into her own in the charming "Pride and Prejudice." This year, she is fulfilling every golden promise in "Blossoms In The Dust."



Together with the personable Walter Pidgeon and supported by such deft delineators as Felix Bressart of "Ninotchka", Marsha Hunt, Fay Holden and Samuel Hinds, Greer's portrayal of Edna Gladney becomes a performance to press in a book.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film itself is an ambitious undertaking. It is the story of a glorious woman whose contribution to humanity provided a fountain source for Ralph Wheelwright's pen.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the gallant Edna roams the Lone Star State and "rings every doorbell in Texas" we are alternately moved from despair to joy, sharing her heartaches, cheering her triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a fighter she is! The battle she puts up for the problem-child is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But then, of course, Mervyn LeRoy directed it. He brings to "Blossoms" the same apt understanding that marked his "Waterloo Bridge".

★ ★ ★ ★

Here it is—the august presentation of August, "Blossoms In The Dust". Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the guiding hand of Irving Asher.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos wrote the screen play. Indeed, the best requisites for the good scenario are that it be fast—and loos.

★ ★ ★ ★

In wondrous Technicolor
for added majesty.



King Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

THE NEW AND BIGGER! **Silver Screen**

LESTER C. GRADY

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Western Editor

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Stories and Articles

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COVER PORTRAIT OF RITA HAYWORTH BY MARLAND STONE

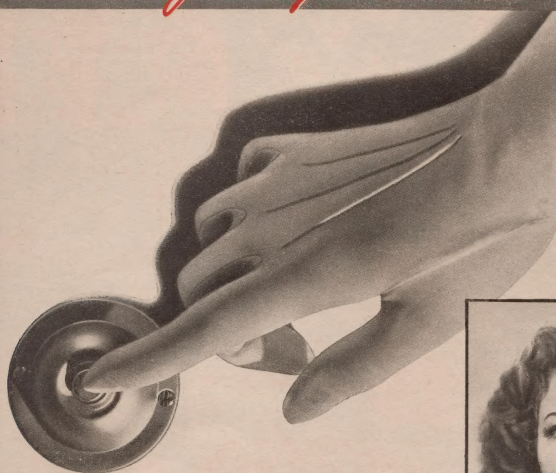
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

She rang every doorbell in Texas!



● This fictionized drama is inspired by the career of a living woman, Edna Gladney of Texas. Her battle is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture. Only the talents of glorious Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon could do justice to this exciting, romantic story.



**HIGHEST PRAISE FROM
ITS WORLD PREMIERE AT
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, N. Y.**

"Tender affecting story... Miss Garson is a vision of loveliness... Mr. Pidgeon an adoring gallant."
—N. Y. Times

"Splendid... a beautiful, utterly inspiring photoplay... played to perfection by Greer Garson, a ravishing redhead in Technicolor, and a magnificent supporting cast."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Deeply moving... intensely interesting drama... best color film to date."
—N. Y. News

"Beautifully told true story... honest—daringly so."
—N. Y. Mirror

"It must pull at the heart of anyone... rich with comedy."
—N. Y. Sun

"Ranks among the best... Lovely Greer Garson gives one of the finest performances I have ever seen."
—N. Y. World-Tel.

*Blossoms in
the Dust*

starring

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON

A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

with FELIX BRESSART • MARSHA HUNT
FAY HOLDEN • SAMUELS HINDS

Screen Play by Anita Loos • Story by Ralph Wheelwright • Directed
by Mervyn LeRoy • Produced by Irving Asher • An M-G-M Picture



JOAN BLONDELL and **Dick Powell** have had a night watchman for the last four years whom they like very much, and who has been very efficient. But "watching" doesn't keep him busy, so recently he took up sewing as a sideline and has been helping the maid with her hemming. The other day Dick bought a new dog who turned out to be quite a watchdog. The watchman was boasting about the dog's prowess to Joan, how he acts when he senses something wrong, and how he makes the rounds several times a night. "Well," said Joan with a smile, "if the dog's that good, maybe I'll fire you and keep the dog." "But, Mrs. Powell," the watchman said seriously, "the dog can't sew."

Louis Hayward gave a table of tourists at the *Brown Derby* a real treat the other day when they requested him to join them for a moment to toast the young lady whose birthday they were celebrating. Louis joined, and gave a pretty toast—then went his way. When the folks asked for their check they were told that Mr. Hayward had "taken care" of it. "Now," said one of them excitedly, "we can really tell Aunt Grace that a star took us to lunch."

Garbo is much happier now for her diet doctor, **Gaylord Hauser**, is back in town after a four months' lecture tour. Maybe she'll give up her hikes in the *Hollywood Hills* and do a little night clubbing again.

This month it's **Ann Rutherford** and **George Montgomery**. **Little Miss Ann** certainly gets around.

John Garfield is on suspension again out at **Warner Brothers**, which renews

Hollywood Earfuls



Kay Aldridge giving Georgia Carroll an earful of the latest goings-on around the studios and night clubs.

Right: Mary Howard and Ann Morriss enjoying the sun and salt air during a recent day off from M-G-M.

that old *Garfield* "crack": One more suspension and they'll name a bridge after him.

Rosemary Lane and **Buddy Westmore** are back together again—though it won't be for long. Rosemary is all set for the **George Abbott** musical that opens in **New York** in September and any day now will be **Santa Fe**-ing for the East.

When **Edna May Oliver** slaps, she slaps good. A scene in "*Lydia*" called for Miss Oliver to slap **Merle Oberon's** hand—27 times during rehearsal, 9 times in the

[Continued on page 8]



Left: **Betty Grable** gets an eyeful while watching **Jack Benny** make "*Charley's Aunt*." Betty just finished "*A Yank In The R. A. F.*," co-starring with **Ty Power**.

Below: **Gloria Swanson** is visited on "*Father Takes A Wife*" set by an old pal, **George Raft**. **Danny Winkler** is Gloria's other admirer. He's an **RKO** executive.



ALOMA...

LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!

Men fight for her heart... kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing... excitement that thrills you to the marrow... in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane"... the love team you never forgot!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

DOROTHY LAMOUR

and **JON HALL** in

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

IN GLOWING TECHNICOLOR

with

**LYNNE OVERMAN • PHILIP REED • KATHERINE DEMILLE
FRITZ LEIBER • DONA DRAKE** Directed by **ALFRED SANTILL**

Screen Play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward

Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak

From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer

SEE the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding... ceremonies never before seen by white men!

SEE in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

HEAR the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni'"

SEE the eruption of the huge volcano... a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

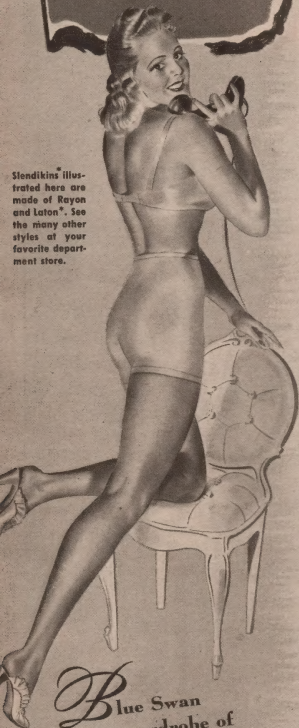
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

for SEPTEMBER 1941

COMPLETELY
CORRECT...

Blue Swan Undikins

FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION



Blue Swan
brings you a wardrobe of
lovely undikins... clever
pantie-sisters... each designed
to flatter your figure, keep
you comfy. You'll want all
seven to be completely correct.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

long shot, 7 times in the medium shot, and 11 times for the close-up. At the end of the day Merle had to have ice packs applied to reduce the swelling.

Visitors to the "Lydia" set invariably notice a charming young woman dressed in a nurse's uniform who sits quietly in a far corner of the set. She is thirty-two year old Antoinette Haezart, official nurse for Alexander Korda Films, who is on duty every minute of shooting to care for the medical wants of everyone connected with the production. Hers is a job that thousands of girls in America would love to have, for she is close to the stars. So close, in fact, she looks right down the throats of many of them when they appear on the set with symptoms of colds. (She spent one entire night putting cold compresses on the ankle of one Charles Boyer—lucky girl.)

Most people do not know that a nurse is always on hand during the filming of a picture. Hollywood producers have learned by experience that a nurse on the set saves them thousands of dollars by attending to minor injuries received during filming. "Tony" is the most competent, and decidedly the most attractive, of the Hollywood nurses.

Curt Bois doesn't understand why all the fuss about the Robinson-Raft feud. The boys weren't fighting—they were merely trying to separate each other.

Fritz Lang, whose direction of "Man Hunt" has Hollywood all excited, met a free lance writer he hadn't seen for some time. "Sold anything lately?" Fritz asked pleasantly. "Yeah," said the writer, "my car."

Ronnie Burns, the adopted son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, is the proudest kid in town. For his birthday his parents gave him a Palomino colt by the name of "Milkshake."

ZaSu Pitts had the "Mexican Spitfire's Baby" set in hysterics the other day when she started telling them about "crank" letters she has received. One man, it seems, wrote to her for months intimating that they had once been very close sweethearts. "I was quite intrigued with how bad I had been," said ZaSu, "but my husband wasn't. So I had the letter-writer investigated—and he turned out to be an old man eighty-one years old. Now wouldn't you know that would happen to me!"

Doris Carson, who used to be Jeffrey Lynn's girl before he met Margaret Hayes, has opened up a "Sweater Bar" in Westwood, where she sells the very latest in what Mr. Hays doesn't approve of. She met Jeffrey at a party the other night and suggested that he come by sometime and see her new shop. "I'd like to," said Jeffrey, with enthusiasm, "but I probably won't be a very good customer. I don't know anybody I could buy a sweater for. Maybe my sister." Does this mean that he and Miss Hayes are not dancing cheek-to-cheek any longer?

Gene Markey caused quite a sensation when he appeared at Ciro's the other night with a girl who looked exactly like Veronica Lake with the one-eye hair-do that she wore in "I Wanted Wings." But it turned out to be an Eastern socialite.

"Whew!" said one of the Ritz Brothers at a nearby table, "Veronica's going to be awfully mad when she sees that dame stealing her stuff." Is the Lake hair-do going to be a fad? Not since Hedy Lamarr's raven tresses were imitated right and left two summers ago has there been such a stir over a coiffure. But Veronica seems the least concerned. Paramount's muchly publicized Glamour Girl is too busy right now being a mother. "Anybody can be an actress," said Veronica, when someone asked her if she didn't hate to leave the screen so soon after her success, "but a mother is something else again."

If you ever meet up with the Mexican Spitfire (Lupe Velez) ask her to do her imitation of Charlie McCarthy. You'll split your seams laughing. Lupe even manages to look like Charlie.

Now playing in the new Kay Kyser picture at RKO, Lupe drives around the lot on the kind of tricycle you used to have when you were a kid. Attached to the bar in the back is the "town" carriage of "Mr. Kelly and his wife, Mrs. Murphy." Everywhere Lupe goes her chihuahuas go.

Since her hit in the Orson Welles picture, "Citizen Kane," Dorothy Comingore has been much in demand in Hollywood. She was being interviewed the other day by a writer who asked, "Is it true, Miss Comingore, that you were once an artist's model?" To which Dorothy replied in the affirmative. "May I have one of your old pictures of yourself as a model?" "Oh, you wouldn't want it," said Dorothy with a laugh. "I posed in my all entirely."

Broadway's Glen Anders, now in Hollywood for "Nothing But the Truth," spent two years as the "other man" in Gertrude Lawrence's "Skylark," wandering drunkenly in and out of French windows. He's now looking for a house. But no French windows! He wants to be on the safe side.

Buddy De Sylva, popular producer, has a beautiful cigarette case which he likes to send to people who have worked in his shows on Broadway and have them have something suitable engraved upon it. He sent it recently to Betty Grable—whose stock took a 99% rise after she appeared in his "DuBarry Was a Lady"—and Betty returned it the other day with merely an engraving of her legs.

Signs of the times: More and more uniforms are appearing at Ciro's and the Mocambo.

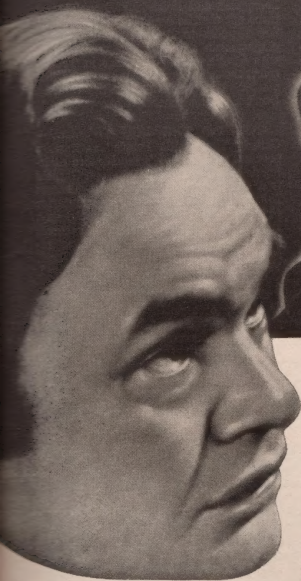
By far the most glamorous-looking person at Ciro's on a recent Saturday night was Gloria Swanson. And with Gene Markey, too—he certainly picks the glamorous beauties.

The most ardent night club go-ers of the month are not George Raft and Betty Grable for a change—but Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin. They have their special corner at the Mocambo.

Now that Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini have gotten themselves hitched at Las Vegas, Nevada, much to [Continued on page 13]

WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!



EDWARD G.

ROBINSON

(He's mad about Dietrich!)

MARLENE

DIETRICH · RAFT

(She's mad about Raft!)

GEORGE

(He's mad about the whole thing!)

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their
force to tell the mighty story of

'MANPOWER'

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with
ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it
now... it'll be ages be-
fore there'll be another
picture this exciting!

Tips on Pictures

BILLY THE KID (M-G-M)—You'll see a hard-ridin', two-fisted Robert Taylor in the title role of this thrilling Technicolor western which packs a Joe Louis wallop. The story is based on the most startling exploits of the famous Billy The Kid. Mary Howard does so delightfully in the feminine lead she's undoubtedly in line for bigger things at M-G-M. Brian Donlevy, Ian Hunter, Gene Lockhart, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Big Boy Williams head the talented featured players. See it.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M)—A tearful, sentimental story of Edna Gladney, played by Greer Garson, and her establishment of the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society of Fort Worth. Walter Pidgeon has the role of her husband. Their marriage is tragic. First their child dies, then the father. From there on, the wife devotes her life to the care of orphans. Felix Bressart and Marsha Hunt give stand-out performances in the huge supporting cast. See it.

BROADWAY LIMITED (Hal Roach-United Artists)—Marjorie Woodworth, heralded as the new Jean Harlow, may somewhat resemble the famous platinum blonde physically, but the resemblance abruptly stops there for her personality and acting ability don't even begin to compare with the late Jean's. Marjorie plays the role of a Hollywood actress en route to Broadway on the famous Chicago-to-New York train and her presence is the source of more complications than you care to count. Victor McLaglen, Dennis O'Keefe, Zasu Pitts, Patsy Kelly are all on board.

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT (Paramount)—Bob Hope is a film star who decides to marry Dorothy Lamour, daughter of an army officer, and thereby avoid being caught in the draft. Regardless, Bob finds himself in the army. Making a soldier of him will have your sides sore from laughing. Lynne Overman, Eddie Brackeen and Paul Hurst help Bob to make this the year's funniest film. By all means, see it.

IN THE NAVY (Universal)—Another Abbott-Costello laugh-riot with Dick Powell helping the comics to keep the picture in one solid piece. The highlight of the comedy is when Lou Costello dreams he's captain of a ship and gives such screwy orders that the entire fleet goes topsy-turvy. The Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd are featured, the former with their songs, the latter as a reporter trying to track down Crooner Powell who joins the navy to get away from his admiring public. See it.

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE (Paramount)—They've eliminated a great deal of the zing from the original ribald stage version, but it's still lively entertainment and there's no possible chance of your being bored. Not with Mary Martin cavorting around as a phoney Southern belle who thereby wins a choice Broadway role.

Don Ameche, Oscar Levant, Jerome Cowan and Rochester are among the players you'll enjoy most. Yes, Mary does her famous strip-tease, but it's the sort that got a Hays office okay. Better see it.

KNOCKOUT (Warners)—Arthur Kennedy, who may become another Jimmy Cagney, is excellent as a prizefighter who gets entangled with the wrong kind of manager, Anthony Quinn. Kennedy gives up the ring when he marries Olympie Bradna, but returns when money is needed for the stork's arrival. He goes haywire as victories in big time bouts go to his head and siren Virginia Field goes to his heart. He finally gets a concussion in a crooked fight, again quits the ring, goes back to his wife and they retire to a farm. It's smoothly produced. See it.

MAN HUNT (20th Century-Fox)—One of the surprise pictures of the year, with Walter Pidgeon and Joan Bennett contributing performances that match the best of their careers. Joan is a cockney street walker who befriends Pidgeon in his flight from the Gestapo. It's an anti-Nazi film showing how ruthless the Gestapo can be. The cast includes George Sanders, John Carradine, Roddy McDowell and Ludwig Stossel. Not to be missed.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (Warners)—May Robson, as a wealthy heiress, discovers that the huge fortune she inherited from her father was really made possible because he defrauded his partner. So May

sets out to find the rightful heirs. Priscilla Lane, a salesgirl and granddaughter of the partner, is a rightful heir, but Ronald Reagan, her beau, refuses to marry money and skips town. It's grand fun all the way, with May Robson giving another splendid performance.

MOON OVER MIAMI (20th Century-Fox)—Betty Grable, Carole Landis and Aunt Charlotte Greenwood, inherit a sizeable sum and invade Miami, intent on snagging a millionaire husband for Betty. They line up two prospects, Don Ameche and Robert Cummings, and Betty falls hook, line and sinker for Don. Then it turns out that he hasn't any dough at all. She switches to Bob, but true love triumphs again and back she goes to Don with Carole getting Bob. It's in Technicolor, the tunes are all good and for that matter so is the script and the comedy. Don't miss this tuneful treat.

OUT OF THE FOG (Warners)—Called "The Gentle People" as a stage play on Broadway, it's much more exciting as screen entertainment. John Garfield is a cheap racketeer who makes Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen pay tribute for the right to go fishing in Sheephead Bay. Ida Lupino, Mitchell's daughter, becomes infatuated with Garfield, but later returns to her first love, Eddie Albert. Vividly done, it's a film not to be missed.

SHINING VICTORY (Warners)—The story of a doctor doing research in psychobiology. At first, he has his findings stolen and is forced to start all over again. This time with the help of a young woman assistant, with whom he falls in love. But again tragedy strikes and his discoveries are deliberately burned and his fiancée killed. James Stephenson is the unfortunate doctor and Geraldine



The blonde nymph on the surf board is Martha O'Driscoll, under contract to Paramount. She's currently working in the epic, "Reap The Wild Wind."

How To Run Your Wife's Affairs

DOES WIFEY GO
GAGA OVER
LIFEGUARDS?

DO LATINIS BRING OUT
THE GOOD NEIGHBOR
IN HER?

DON'T "TAKE A POWDER"—
TAKE A LESSON ON HOW TO
BRING HER BACK ALIVE —
FROM THAT MAN OF THE
WORLD — THAT STAR-
ABOUT-TOWN

We Traded Those Fifty
Ships for This Man-
Destroyer from Britain
ANNA LEE!

RONALD COLMAN

IN A ROMANTIC COMEDY THAT COULDN'T BE
MORE MODERN IF IT WERE MADE NEXT YEAR!

"My Life with Caroline"

with **ANNA LEE**

CHARLES WINNINGER • REGINALD GARDINER • GILBERT ROLAND
KATHERINE LESLIE • HUGH O'CONNELL

Produced and Directed by
LEWIS MILESTONE

A United Producers Production • WILLIAM HAWKS, Executive Producer
Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard



SPOTLIGHTING a BIG PICTURE

SOMETIMES a truly unusual motion PICTURE reaches the screen... A picture so unique in its story... SO outstanding in its development AND treatment...so far above the AVERAGE in the portrayals

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"POISON PEN" delves deep into HUMAN emotions and desires—DARES to lay bare the innermost MOTIVES that guide the actions OF its fascinating characters... CHARACTERS who are brought TO life for you by such artists as FLORA ROBSON, KNOWN to audiences THE world over for HER magnificent PERFORMANCES ON stage and SCREEN...

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TRANSFERRED TO the screen. BE SURE to see "POISON PEN" IT'S one of those pictures you'll talk OF for a long time to come... It's

A REPUBLIC RELEASE



Fitzgerald his ill-fated assistant. It's rather on the heavy side, but intelligently done. If you're in the mood, see it.

SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS (Columbia)—Missing the mark by a wide margin, this is another of those musical comedy farces with a silly collegiate background. It brings Ruby Keeler back to the screen. Ozzie Nelson and his band, with wife Harriet Hilliard, Kathleen Howard and Gordon Oliver are also mixed up in it.

THE BIG STORE (M-G-M)—The Marx Brothers are back again and run rampant in a department store. It's supposed to be their last picture as a trio. Tony Martin, Virginia Grey, Margaret Dumont, Virginia O'Brien, Henry Armetta and Douglas Dumbrille keep pace with the boys and their zany comedy and all are still going strong when the whirlwind finish takes place up and down the aisles of the department store.

THE GET-AWAY (M-G-M)—An FBI melodrama with Bob Sterling and Dan Dailey, Jr., cellmates, executing a successful break from prison. But no wonder. Bob is with the FBI and concocted the idea to round up the rest of Dailey's mob. Bob proceeds to fall in love with Dailey's sister, Donna Reed, and things become decidedly complicated before the final fadeout. Worth seeing.

THE PARSON OF PANAMINT (Paramount)—A Peter B. Kyne yarn of a young minister sent to reform the rough, tough and nasty mining town of Panamint. Philip Terry, a promising newcomer, is most effective as the cleric who succeeds in taming down the town. Ellen Drew is tops as a dance hall girl and Charlie Ruggles is smartly cast as a homespun prospector. Also helping with the success of the film are Joseph Schildkraut, Porter Hall, Henry Kolker and Janet Beecher. See it.

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON (Walt Disney-RKO)—If you've ever wondered just how animated cartoons are made this delightful feature will explain precisely how in a most amusing and humorous fashion. Robert Benchley visits the Disney Studios with the hope of selling the great animator an idea. But once inside he snoops all over the place before seeing Disney for he wants to find out just how things are done. By the time he meets Disney, he finds his idea already has been done. It's a totally different sort of worth-seeing entertainment, mixing animation with live action. "How To Ride A Horse" and "Baby Weems," are animated parts of the film which are practically as good as "The Reluctant Dragon."

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS (Paramount)—Backwoods yarn of the Ozarks with Harry Carey, John Wayne and Betty Field in the principal roles. Harry Carey, the Shepherd, wins the honors with his performance of Daniel Howitt, who moves into the hillbilly community and tries to win the friendship of all with his kindness. It develops that he's John Wayne's long-disappeared dad and that John has vowed to kill him for

running out on his mother. But all ends happily in this interestingly presented Technicolor film of the outdoors.

THEY MET IN BOMBAY (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Rossalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves who meet in Bombay where they're both trying to snatch the same precious stone. There's quite a battle of wits between the two. Scotland Yard is about to catch up with them, so they hop a tramp steamer to Hong Kong, but with the jewel. Love and adventure come swirling in on them and finally regeneration. It's packed with action. See it.

THIEVES FALL OUT (Warners)—Jane Darwell, as a far from placid grandmother, has her best role since *Ma Joad* in "Grapes of Wrath." She's hence to modern day tempo and determined that her bashful grandson, Eddie Albert, will succeed not only in business, but in his romance with lovely Joan Leslie. Grandmother, an avid listener of radio gangster serials, gets kidnapped by the real McCoy's. Alan Hale is also present.

TIGHT SHOES (Universal)—A Damon Runyan yarn about ward politicians, racketeers, and newspaper men, with Broderick Crawford worthy of most applause as the strong-arm man of a dishonest newspaper publisher. John Howard is a lowly shoe clerk who gets into an argument with Crawford about the size shoe he should wear. Crawford wins the argument, but a pair of tight shoes goes with it. The shoes play an important part in the unfolding of the fast-moving plot. Binnie Barnes, Leo Carrillo, Shemp Howard, Samuel S. Hinds and Anne Gwynne have important roles.

TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM (Columbia)—There is so much talent in this musical that it's a shame it wasn't given better direction and a script with more bounce to it. The list of entertainers includes Rudy Vallee, Rosemary Lane, Ann Miller, Allen Jenkins, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. The Three Stooges, Brenda and Cobina, Joan Merrill, Six Hits and a Miss, Eddie Durant's Rhumba Orchestra—well, with an array like that you'd expect something. But somehow things never do get started.

UNDERGROUND (Warners)—A forceful story of the underground anti-Nazi movement in Germany, particularly how its outlaw short-wave radio stations bring the real truth to the people, much to the alarm of the government. Scenes showing the barbarism of the Nazis reek with realism. It's expertly produced. The competent cast includes Jeffrey Lynn, Philip Dorn, Kaaren Verne, Mona Maris and Peter Whitney.

WEST POINT WIDOW (Paramount)—Anne Shirley secretly marries a West Point cadet and then has it annulled so he can be graduated. But then he's to marry her. A baby comes along, but the re-marriage doesn't for the cadet, Richard Denning, is strictly a first-class heel. Interner Richard Carlson understands all and marries Anne. It's fairly well done.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 8]

everyone's surprise, Gene's pals at the studio are calling them "Little Cassini" and "Big Cassini."

Between camera set-ups on "Lydia" (used to be "Illusions," and we do like "Illusions" better), Merle Oberon was sunning herself near the sound stage door when she heard several of the children who had been employed for the school sequence discussing life and love and things. Said one curly-headed seven-year-old to a curly-headed eight-year-old, "If I had known this part was so small I never would have taken it." But what startled Merle most was when a pretty little blonde of barely six summers said, "Which one of the leading men does Miss Oberon marry in the picture?" "Alan Marshal," someone told her. "Is he the richest?" asked the child.

Ever since a magazine story appeared saying that Cesar Romero wanted to get married, and describing the kind of girl he liked, Cesar has received well over 1500 letters from girls and women all over the country saying that the article described them to perfection. He has had to put on three secretaries to answer the letters. Cesar has that "hunted" look. He was having lunch in a restaurant one day when a woman fairly jumped at him from the salad saying, "Here I am!" But what he finds most provoking are those wires that arrive very late at night, or very early in the morning, and always—collect. Tsh, tsh, that's no way to get your man.

Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and Wynn Rocamora, her agent, had an unusual celebration at the Hollywood Brown Derby the other night. They celebrated that time two years ago when Wynn couldn't get \$50 a week for Barbara Jo's services as an actress. While they were celebrating their second anniversary together the waiter brought the phone over to the table and Wynn had the satisfaction of turning down an offer for \$1250 a week for her, for a role he didn't think worthy of his client.

A writer was interviewing Jean Gabin at the studio the other day in his dressing room when suddenly who should appear but Marlene Dietrich. She seemed quite flustered when she saw the writer. "I'm a great fan of Monsieur Gabin's," she said in simple modesty. "I brought him one of my pictures." The writer noticed that it was one with plenty of allure.

During a dance sequence in "Ring-side Maisie" the professional jitter-bugger who was dancing with Ann Sothern failed to catch her in one of the difficult routines and Ann went sailing across the floor, ending up under the camera with a pretty well skinned anatomy. "At times like this," she said, picking up her aching body, "I wish I could do Noel Coward drawing room roles."

There's talk that the Ann Sheridan-George Brent romance isn't so hot as it used to be. Seems that Ann has been

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going a lot of places without George lately and that caused a flock of rumors. But for weeks George has been tied up with "International Lady" and hasn't had much time for partying. Then too, "they" say that George doesn't approve of Martha Raye who has become Ann's best girl friend ever since they met on the set of "Navy Blues."

Gracie Allen was worrying about her uncle at luncheon at the Brown Derby the other day. "My uncle's having such trouble," she said. "He's having trouble with the foreign market, the stock market, and the corner market."

The Wiere Brothers' colored houseboy went on one binge too many, and another boy was hired in his stead. The phone rang. "Who dat?" asked the new boy. "Who dat?" queried his predecessor. The new boy shook his head excitedly. "Who dat says who dat when I says who dat!"

Fritz Feld still doesn't know whether the card he received inviting him to a certain elaborate Hollywood function was genuine, a rib, or a misprint. It read, "Admit bearer and one wife."

It takes more than producers to frighten Barbara Stanwyck when she is going to do battle for the under-dog. We can't tell what picture, or what producer, but it seems that Barbara was on the set one day when she heard loud talk and little wispy gasps over on the side of the stage. It seems that the producer, the director, and the assistant camera-men were all giving hell to a poor little wardrobe woman who had made the "colossal" mistake of sewing a button on wrong. Barbara strolled over, and inquired what went on, and was excitedly told about the button. "So what," said Barbara, "we all make mistakes"—and she gave the eye to the producer, who has made many of them. Then she said to him, "How long have you been at this studio?" "A year and two months," answered the producer. "And how long have you been here?" she inquired of the director. "Six months," he said. "How long have you been here," she asked the poor weeping wardrobe girl. "F—fourteen years," she stammered. "Well"—said Barbara, with a slight hunch of the shoulders, and walked away. There was no more debating on that picture.

Did you know that Carole Landis was once a hula dancer at the Royal Hawaiian club in San Francisco? "I wanted to sing," says Carole, "but the manager said he had to have a combination singer-hula girl, and I certainly needed that job. I knew from nothing about the hula, but neither did the manager, so I got by all right." But when she had to do a hula number in "Moon Over Miami," the director ordered Carole to take dancing lessons and do a legitimate hula for a change.

Jeanette MacDonald has found true devotion in the shape of a movie fan. He is an elderly gentleman who lives in Camden, New Jersey, and when Jeanette's pictures play the neighborhood theatre he takes his lunch box and sits through all the showings.

Gin rummy is still the most popular game in Hollywood. It's having a long



Ann Sothorn and Robert Montgomery at the swank West Side Tennis Club costume party. Bob wore kilts to make sure he'd feel cool while dancing. The elite of Hollywood attended.

rum. Una Merkel is the newest recruit—and well on her way to becoming a friend.

Several years ago Joan Crawford, who is famous for her generosity, decided to play fairy godmother, a role she likes very much. Joan had met a young actress, a little on the fey side, and considerably on the impoverished side. If I can just get her fixed up with the right kind of clothes and hair-do, thought Joan, she will be a sensation—she has the talent, all she needs is to attract the attention of the producers. So Joan fussed and fumed for hours at a time. She decided on a wardrobe, and an expensive one, for her protegee, and the salesladies and the designers were all a-twitter. Nothing was too good for Miss Crawford's protegee. Joan then decided to give a party, to which she invited all the producers, and the Cinderella girl. But imagine her horror when her protegee casually arrived at the party done up in what resembled an old bed jacket, and the remains of a kimono. "Please forgive me, Joan," she said quite artily. "I can't wear the clothes. I'm the peasant type."

And now you know why the studio people like Alice Faye. In her new two-year contract with 20th Century-Fox Alice added a proviso that guarantees work for three of Alice's closest friends on the lot, all in unimportant positions, for the life of her contract. The first time that has been done. The three are Helene Smith, her stand-in for six years; Ollie Hughes, her wardrobe girl; and Lilian Myrhe, her hairdresser. Under the terms of the agreement the three will be guaranteed 50 weeks of work each year for the next twenty-four months whether Alice is on the lot or not. Alice refused to sign until the proviso was agreed to.

Letter from Liza

DEAR ED:

Now you know how I feel about Sunday, a day to relax as luxuriously as possible under a palm tree with a pitcher of orange juice, and not move for hours at a time. So imagine my surprise last Sunday, when I found myself driving through all that dreadful Sunday traffic to the Marine Stadium at Long Beach just to see Robert Stack race his new hydroplane in the Elks Regatta. For months and months young Bob Stack didn't mean any more to me than the pleasant-looking young man who had been chosen by Universal to be the first male to give their darling, Deanna Durbin, a grown-up kiss in "First Love." (When that party of five from Inglewood took my left fender a half a mile down the road with them I sort of wished that was all I had ever known about Mr. Stack.)

But no—I can't let well enough alone—I have to go and get acquainted with him. And such a grand young man he is too, with all that charm and stuff. So when he said why don't you come down and see me race, I said all right, though he isn't the Gable type. (But his gun collection's better.) He said he was racing a hydroplane, so I immediately thought I was going to see aviation stunts, but it seems that a hydroplane is just a fast boat after all. When I got there I went down to the pits where all



Mary Martin came as a little girl to the West Side Tennis Club costume party. Her husband, Dick Halliday, dressed as an Eton scholar. "Birth of the Blues," is Mary's next.

the boats, which had been driven down on trailers, were lined up with their owners and mechanics. Even the most blase,

of which I am one, couldn't help but get a thrill out of this sight. Bob was all for showing me the beauties of his Ventnor, none of which I understood. Back in the judge's stand, with a cannon popping off right in my ear, I proceeded to see a newsreel come to life, and whew—it was exciting! Bob in his "Thunderbird" was off like a streak of lightning with all the other boats giving him a merry chase—spills, scrapes, spray, and a breathlessly exciting moment when Bob had to cut on the inside of another boat to keep from hitting it. With another honor chalked up Bob is now all set to try to break the World's Record for speedboats in the 225 cubic inch class at Salton Sea in October. With 25,000 people—and me—yelling our heads off Bob was just as calm as if winning a cup was an every day event.

And with Bob, I learned later, it almost is. He's been racing boats since he was a kid—even won the international outboard racing championship at Venice, Italy, in 1934. That's why you don't see him around the Hollywood night clubs. Rhumbaing with Betty Grable, Carole Landis, and Olivia de Havilland is fun—but to Bob the most fun is a messy old garage, messy old overalls, and an engine that goes sput, sput, sput, when it should go put, put, put. Yes, I think I'll have to become nautical, at this late date. And just when I perfected my rhumba!

Liza

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THE studios are all getting ready for a seasonal production slump which means that at the moment, before it sets in, they are busier than beehives, particularly—

Columbia

THREE big pictures going here which is practically unprecedented. The biggest is "Texas," which co-stars Claire Trevor and William Holden, with Glenn Ford prominently present.

The plot of this is too long and complicated to go into, but the time is right after the Civil War. Bill and Glenn are a couple of youngsters on their way to seek their fame and fortune in Texas. They find the going tough and decide to separate. Bill holds up Claire, takes command of her buckboard to get into town. Glenn befriends Claire's father and gets a job on his ranch where he meets Claire. Later, he takes her to a dance that Bill is also attending.

"What's the matter?" Glenn asks Claire as he sees her staring.

"That man over there," she answers. "He's the one I told you about who almost kidnapped me."

Glenn looks and spies Bill. They rush into each other's arms, pounding each other affectionately.

"What is this?" Claire demands. "You act like long-lost brothers."

"She said you tried to kidnap her," Glenn remembers.

"Wasn't exactly a kidnapping," Bill replies. "I just needed a ride back that day. But," looking at Claire, "kidnaping ain't a bad idea at that."

"Dick!" Claire exclaims warmly when the scene is finished and don't think I'm not equally glad to see her. Claire is not only one of the best actresses who ever hit Hollywood but she is also one of the very nicest girls I have ever met anywhere. When she married she said she was through with pictures, but now, after a year's absence from the screen, she is working in two at once—this one and "Honky Tonk" with Clark Gable at M-G-M.

"I thought I could just be a family girl," she explains, "but I can't. This business gets into your blood. Also, I thought if I free-lanced I could pick my parts, but unless you're a really big star like Claudette Colbert and Lombard you don't get a chance to do much picking. You need a studio behind you. So I've signed a seven-year contract with Columbia and I've told them I'll work in any and everything they cast me in."

"Well, it's a relief to know I'll be seeing you oftener in the future," I rejoice. "Say, Dick," Bill cuts in, "I want to thank you for that story you did on me. I really thought it was swell."

When I recover sufficiently from the shock of having an actor bother to thank you for anything you've done, I say, "It was a pleasure, Bill, and I'll toss another bouquet at you by telling you I meant every word of it."

The director calls Claire and Bill turns to speak to someone else. Suddenly, Glenn is standing in front of me. "We've never met," he tells me naively, "but you've mentioned me in your department a couple of times and I want you to



Watching them make the important pictures you will be wanting to see

By Dick Mook

know I appreciate it." (When I get home I look up the "mentions" and find the first one razed him for working in pictures when his folks were supposed to be fabulously rich. It later turned out that his family's wealth was a figment of the publicity department's imagination and that he is working because he has to make a living and because he likes acting. Which only goes to show how a really nice guy like Glenn can be made the goat when a wise guy like me smarts off half-cocked and when a publicity department dishes out bunk instead of the truth. I'm sorry, Glenn.)

* * *

THE next picture on this lot is "Ladies in Retirement," adapted from a very successful stage play. Ida Lupino is a maid working for Isobel Elsom in her house on the desolate, fog-blanketed marshlands of coastal England. Ida's only interest in life is her two mentally unbalanced sisters, Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett. She finally persuades Miss Elsom to let her have them up for a visit. When the visit extends to six weeks Miss Elsom rebels. So, when no one is around, Ida calmly murders her. Then, one rainy night the doorbell rings. Miss Barrett goes to answer it and Louis Hayward leaps into the room, slamming the door behind him and nearly scaring the two sisters to death.

"Don't yell like that!" Louis yaps. "I won't eat you."

Ida flies in from the kitchen. "Who are you? What do you want?" she hisses.

"Dear Aunt Ellen," he grins. "After all these years. And Aunt Emily and Aunt Louisa. What a family reunion! I'm Albert. Don't you remember me?"

"Albert! Of course! Rose's boy," Miss Lanchester remembers.

"Where did you come from?" Ida demands, "in weather like this?"

"From Gravesend—on a duck's back," he winks.

"Well, don't stand there dripping all over my best rug!" she snaps. "Get along to the kitchen fire with your wet things."

"Ah, that's more like my auntie—my very distant auntie," he mocks, chucking her under the chin. She jerks her head back.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"You know, Dick," Ida explains as she and Lou come up to say hello, "all of us in this picture are nuts. We play mentally unbalanced people and I must say we do them well. The assistant director, instead of calling us by name as they usually do when they're ready for us, calls us out of our dressing rooms with a flute!"

* * *

THE last picture over here is "You'll Never Get Rich," co-starring Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth. In case you have forgotten, Rita used to be one of the dancing Casinos, one of the foremost dancing teams in the country so Fred finally has someone to dance with again who can keep up with him.

This is just at the start of the picture. He is the dance director of a musical comedy and Rita is one of the chorus girls. She purposely gets out of step and is generally awkward to make him notice her.

"Miss Winthrop," Fred remarks sarcastically, "there is nothing I admire more than a spirit of independence, but sometimes it can be carried too far. For instance, our group is noted for the absolute precision and coordination of its artists. All the other girls are doing this dance one way. You're doing it another."

"I'm sorry," she smiles, "but I don't quite understand the routine."

"Would you like to try it with me?" he jeers.

"I'd love to," she replies.

Of course, as soon as she starts dancing with him she shows that she knows the routine as well as he and I dare say you can guess the rest.

Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you Robert Benchley is also in this. "You know," he complains, "when I was just a writer I never had to go to bed. But now, since I'm an actor, I find that about six in the morning I begin to get a little fagged and I have to turn in."

So now we turn our attention to—

Paramount

DEMILLE's new picture, "Reap the Wild Wind," with Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston is on location today and "Glamour Boy," starring Jackie Cooper and Susanna Foster is just starting, so I'll tell you about those next month.

That leaves only the new Preston Sturges picture, "Sullivan's Travels," but for my money any picture that carries Mr. Sturges' name makes a month worth while. This one co-stars Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake.

Joel is a comedy director in movies. Like every other person in Hollywood, no matter how well he does one thing he wants to do the other. In this case he wants to direct dramas. His friends tell him he'll have to rough it to learn about Life. So he puts on old clothes and starts

bumming his way around the country. He hitch-hikes a ride on a truck, falls asleep and wakes up to find himself in—ah, bitter mockery—Hollywood! Plumb disgusted, he gets out of the truck and crosses the road to a lunch-wagon. He sits down shivering and orders some coffee and doughnuts. Veronica, dressed in an evening gown, is getting some cigarettes from a slot machine. She notices him and comes over to the counter and tells the cook to give him some ham and eggs.

"Thanks, sister," Joel mumbles, embarrassed, "but I'm not hungry. Some coffee and a—sinker will fix me fine."

"Don't be a sucker," she comes back. "The way I'm fixed, thirty-five cents isn't going to make any difference."

"Thanks," Joel breathes. "Things a little tough?"

"I'm not sitting in an owl wagon for local color," she retorts. "They locked me out of my room."

"What for?" he wonders.

"Did I ask you any questions?" she counters.

"Sorry," he apologizes. "Been in Hollywood long?"

"Long enough."

"Trying to crash the movies or something?"

"Something like that."

After the scene Joel tells me this is his last picture for the summer. He spends the rest of the hot weather on his

thousand acre ranch. It's Miss Lake's last picture for awhile, too, as she's expecting the stork, which is just as well. I've never met her and she's probably a very lovely girl, but I'll put her up against all comers as being the world's worst actress. Did you see "I Wanted Wings?" Gosh!

I'm still shuddering from that as I head for—

Warner Brothers

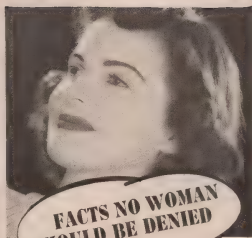
THERE are a flock of pictures shooting here, too. The one that is most important to me is not the one with the highest budget. It is the one with probably the lowest budget and it's called "Law of the Tropics." It is important to me because it brings back Constance Bennett. To me, Constance has always spelled Park Avenue or, to put it vulgarly, "class."

This time she is a singer in a dive and Jeffrey Lynn is there getting plastered. He also tries to get fresh with Constance. She strolls along between the tables, singing until she comes to him. When she reaches his table she chucks him under the chin and when he looks up she smacks him across the face with the back of her hand. It's quite a scene.

"Well, look who's here!" she exclaims when the scene is over.

We chat awhile, reminiscing over the good old days before she was married to the Marquis, when I used to go out to her house almost every night and we

[Continued on page 66]



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Fresh AS A MORNING GLORY

See how gloriously young your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base! It helps hide blemishes, faintly tints your complexion, and keeps it flower fresh for hours and hours.

POWDER-BASE
hampden

25¢ also 50¢ & 10¢ sizes
Over 15 million sold



Lupe Velez, now making "The Mexican Spitfire's Baby," has a special carriage on her tricycle for Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Murphy, her Mexican Chihuahua.

A lesson in

Kissing Technique



LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*

ROBERT HERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?

... a tiny dot.

*Pleced on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Tol. to the mouth instead of to the ear.*

EDMOND ROSTAND

*The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a
cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.*

O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.

GEORGE MEREDITH

*Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first
invented kissing.*

SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is welded unto mine.*

H. H. BOYSEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.*

LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.*

VENNYSON

Excerpts from "The House Book of Quotations" by
Borton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers



HETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember... nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love... yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic con-

ditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." TO MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

SILVER SCREEN

CLAIRE TREVOR, who is back in there punching again (after too long an absence from the screen), has a swell part in the new Gable-Lana Turner picture at Metro, "Honky Tonk." Claire is admittedly a Gable fan, even as you and I. It seems she was making a test for the picture when Gable walked on the stage and stood quietly in the background. Seeing Claire sitting on the side of the set he immediately came over, put out his hand and said to Claire, "I'm Clark Gable. I'm so glad you're going to be in this picture."

Claire gets all excited when she tells the story. "Imagine Gable introducing himself to me. I've been a Gable fan for ten years. Why I'd recognize him if I was deaf, dumb, and blind!"

Joan Crawford has adopted a baby brother for her little adopted daughter, Christina. She has named the little boy Christopher. If their schoolmates call them both "Chris" when they get a little older it will be rather confusing.

Constance Bennett can't seem to keep her pretty proboscis out of business ventures. Her latest is the opening of a budget gown shop. "I've been harping to young working girls for years," says Connie, "on how to have a nice wardrobe

Upper right: In filming "International Lady," Director Tim Whelan told Basil Rathbone that he should act like he smelled a rat, so Basil gave him his best rat-smelling face. *Right:* Mickey Rooney enjoying himself with Ann Rutherford at the Motion Picture Producers' banquet. *Below:* Marguerite Chapman and Georgia Carroll who appear in "Navy Blues" as part of the glorified "Navy Blues" sextet.



Silver Screen

Topics
for Gossip





Left: On week-end leave, Private Jimmy Stewart dances with Ginger Rogers at Ciro's. Above: Andy Devine, Hugh Herbert and Jackie Cooper dancing with the Andrews Sisters at the Palladium where the girls are being featured.

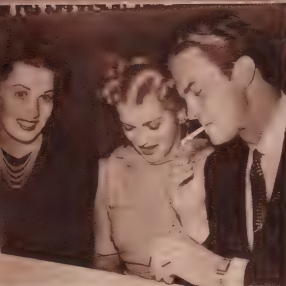


"Well," said Joan Blondell, who had been silent up until then, "maybe Morton made her a Downey payment."

and be best-dressed on a small salary. I decided it was time I did something about helping them." Connie's shop is located on Sunset Boulevard not far from Ciro's, and specializes in budget dresses, highly styled little numbers at low prices.

At a large table at the Brown Derby the other night a bunch of the Hollywood lads and lassies were discussing Hollywood's newest startling marriage that of Barbara Bennett Downey, sister of Joan and Connie, and Addison Randall, young actor. Seems that Barbara was barely unhitched from singer Morton Downey, before she was below the border getting married to young Randall. "What will they live on?" someone asked, in the good old Hollywood manner. "Addison doesn't make enough money to support her."

Left: Maureen O'Hara, Martha O'Driscoll and William Lundigan at Ciro's. Lower left: Pat Dane asks John Shelton how he likes her mid-riff evening gown. Below: Bill Gerard, Phyllis Ruth, John Carroll, Franchot Tone and Lorraine Gettman dine together at Ciro's.



And speaking of shoppes, Penny "Blondie" Singleton has joined the list of filmdom's busy business people. Penny has her shingle on front of a yarn and antique shop, not far from her farmhouse in the Valley. The sign reads, "Penny Knit With" (get it?)—and the business started almost over night. She stocked the place with knitting needles, yarns and patterns, and in the meantime lugged over a truckload of quaint antiques and household articles she'd gathered for her own farmhouse. "I collected too many all at once," said the enthusiastic Penny. "I'd have to build on more rooms to the house to take care of them. Now I can build onto the shop if I have to, and go on collecting to my heart's desire."

After much urging on Bonita's part, Jackie Cooper finally took his best girl friend, Bonita Granville, over to the Metro for the other day and had the studio show her "Skipty"—the picture that made him a star more than ten years ago. Bonita was as pleased as punch. "Wasn't he cute! Wasn't he a darling little boy," she bubbled over to everyone who'd listen, while Jackie blushed furiously.

Victor McLaglen made a great hit on his personal appearance trip, and had





Gene Tierney with her husband, Count Oleg Cassini, at Ciro's shortly after their surprise marriage. Their honeymoon was interrupted when Gene went on location for "Sundown."

plenty of laughs up his sleeves for the newspaper boys. One of the funniest stories he told on himself was about a meeting of ranchers in San Joaquin Valley where Vic is lord and master of the huge Balfé Rancho. Vic had been asked to give an enlightening address on the science of agriculture. After the speech, he stepped down from the platform to listen to the comments of his fellow farmers. "Pretty good speech," remarked one old fellow, and Vic puffed out his chest with pride—until he heard the reply of the farmer next to him. "A rain would 'a done a heap more good."

One of the cutest, and certainly one of the sweetest, of the younger players in Hollywood is Martha O'Driscoll, under contract to Paramount. Martha is going to be a star before the birdies nest again—with that personality she's just bound to be.

Norma Shearer is spending more and more time in the East. Could it be that Ronnie Balcom, millionaire sportsman, has something to do with that?

The Hollywood gals are all agog over their new jewelry pieces, designed by Margery Cummings, who is the wife of Producer Jack Cummings, and only lately decided to go a-careering on her own.

[Continued on page 64]

Right: Ann Rutherford in a trim blue and white checked taffeta sunsuit. Her next film is "Life Begins For Andy Hardy." George Montgomery is her current beau.

Below: Frank Morgan gets serious for a change as he converses with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy in a heavy discussion while they were dining at Ciro's.



GLAMOUR GIRLS

Adore

HIM!



By
Mary
Jane
Manners

Jean Gabin, Continental idol, has completely entranced the film colony with his charm and herewith is the secret of it!



Upper left: Jean Gabin, with Mireille Balin, in a sizzling scene from "Pepe Le Moko." Upper right: Dining with Marlene Dietrich who's been guiding him around Hollywood. Right: Marlene met Jean in Paris. They are now neighbors.

IN SIX months Jean Gabin will be a new answer to the hopeful palpitating hearts of American girls. And right now the Hollywood movie beauties are getting in their own innings! While the getting's good! For as soon as France's No. 1 film idol masters the English language, he will make "Moon Tide" for 20th Century-Fox. And all America—the feminine portion—may claim him!

If you've seen hero-worship in the eyes of the Gable followers, you should see the commotion Mr. Gabin is creating in Hollywood. Everywhere it's, "But have you seen Jean Gabin?" His name is on everyone's tongue. His telephone rings constantly with Hollywood's loveliest glamour girls breathlessly waiting on the other end of the wire.

But, unless the caller is Marlene Dietrich or Simone Simon, Mr. Gabin does not answer. Not that he wouldn't like to, mind you. He can't. He cannot speak English nor understand it yet!

"In six months from now I will be ready for love and an American romance, if I am so lucky," he said, through an interpreter, with that disarming frankness and honesty of the European. Garbo was like that when she first came to this country. After two such interviews M-G-M decided it was much wiser, due to publicity policy, to make her "The Silent Swede." And so, Garbo lost her interview privileges, because she talked too freely. Mr. Gabin, too, we think, will get over expressing himself so casually, after more Hollywood experience. But right now he's still new and unaware of the ways of Hollywood. He says just what he thinks. So remember this interview. There'll probably never be another one like it.

Marlene Dietrich was just leaving Mr. Gabin's house when I drove up the driveway. The glamorous figure of Marlene in a light woolen suit, her golden hair gleaming in the sunlight, could not be mistaken. They were seriously conversing in French on the steps. Marlene turned like a startled deer as I approached—kept her back well to me and immediately left in her convertible roadster, driven by her white uniformed maid.

Jean Gabin—and right now, here's how he pronounces his name "Zhahn Gah-Beh"—(he figured it out that way, although Americans will probably call him "Gene-Gab-in")—has taken the lovely Bel Air home which the Leslie Howards occupied during their last stay in America.

Because we could not speak the same language, we gestured our greetings. I was quite captivated by the sincere warmth of his smile. Friendliness is the same in any dialect. Yet part of his charm is his challenging indifference oft expressed with slight shrugging of the shoulders and amused concern. "Let things come as they may," seems to be his philosophy.

Jean motioned towards the swimming pool and the garden. There we sat in the lazy warmth of summertime and (Continued on page 82)



By Elizabeth Wilson

THE present slump in the picture business is due, I wouldn't be at all surprised, not to the loss of the foreign market, not to double features and unattractive china, but to the fact that Claire Trevor just can't make up her mind. She can't make up her mind whether she wants to be good, or bad, or just good and bad. And she keeps on taking time off the screen trying to make up her mind.

After four long years of cinematic virtue at 20th Century-Fox, during which time she played little doves of wide-eyed innocence in twenty-three pictures, Claire decided, against all her friends' advice, to break her very lucrative contract, and try elsewhere for a little something in the way of sin. "I want to be bad," she said. That was the Rebellion of 1937.

The Rebellion of 1940 was different. "I want to be good," she said. What is she, a feather-brain? No, it was like this: After her sensational success as *Prancey* in "Dead End," and *Dallas* in "Stagecoach," the Hollywood producers, who are notorious for their short memories, were determined that Claire was the hard-dame-with-the-lurid-past type, and couldn't see her as anybody else. (And after those twenty-three pictures of *sweetness and light*!) Whenever there was a part in a script that called for the kind of a girl that you wouldn't dare take home to meet your mother, they'd pick up the phone and put in a call for Claire. Finally, she just got sick and tired of film shame, even though it had put her in the big chips, and so she just retired from the screen again. This time for an entire year. And just when pictures needed her most. For—good or bad,

lady or dame—Claire Trevor is a definite asset to the screen. *As a matter of fact, she's a necessity.

Personally, I wish she'd just go on being a bad girl, and leave lavender and old lace to the Anita Louises. With that swell down-to-earth personality of hers, and that perfectly wonderful low contralto voice, she's just what the doctor ordered for bored audiences. But I can see her point. Hollywood "typing" is a dreadful thing.

Even after a year away from the screen, a year of fussing about in her garden, playing tennis, and being a wife to her very handsome husband, Claire still can't make up her mind. So what does she do? She returns to the screen in a split. She's making two pictures at once, and running back and forth from Gower Street to Culver City, until she's practically in a state of complete exhaustion. Double or nothing, with Claire. Over at Columbia she's playing cute, hoydenish little *Mike*, a hoop-skirt girl of 1868, with rosebuds on her bonnet, in one of those great big epics called "Texas." And over at M-G-M she's playing *Gold Dust Nelson* of *Yellow Creek*, one of the hardest dames who ever drank her whiskey straight in a frontier saloon of the Gold Rush days, in a drama called "Honky Tonk"—with that fascinating Gable guy.

Claire just can't make up her [Continued on page 51]

Claire Trevor with her husband, Clark Andrews, a writer.



Right: For a change, Claire is not playing a wicked woman in "Texas." But in "Honky Tonk," with Clark Gable, she's a sultry siren again.



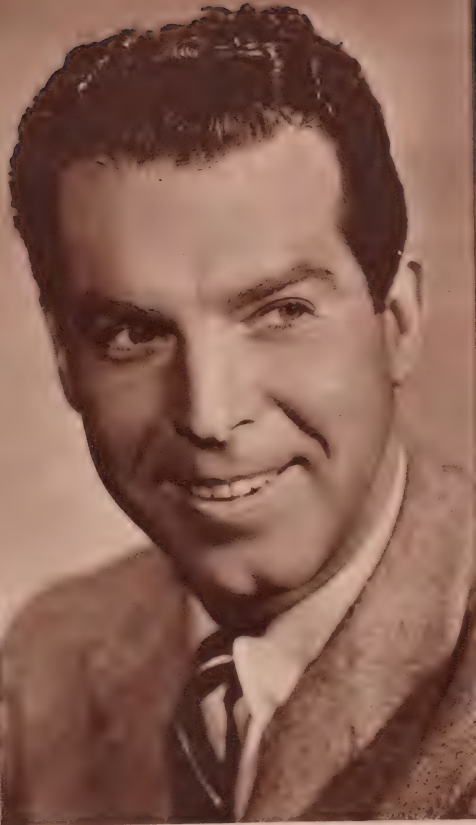
IT'S MORE FUN TO BE

Bad



IF HE LIVED NEXT DOOR

Here's the Fred MacMurray you'd know—the real Fred as is known only by his few close, intimate friends



Fred MacMurray singing at the Pirates' Den, a Hollywood night club that he owns with Bing Crosby, Ken Murray and Rudy Vallee.

THERE are two schools of thought on Fred MacMurray. The first—that he's a terribly nice guy, quiet, friendly, mild-mannered, unassuming, level-headed, practical—and unforgiveably sane, a cardinal sin in a city born out of ballyhoo. They will tell you that nothing ever happens to Fred. He's never been lost at sea. Never been served up for supper in the jungles of darkest Africa. No one ever refers to him as being "Magnificently Mad." Not even—slightly tetchy! He could never be accused of trying to steal a banner-line away from Errol Flynn.

The second school of thought discloses another Fred MacMurray. One quite amusing. At times amazing. This is MacMurray the man; as his best friends know him, at home, as he is away from the spotlight of attention. A position, it might be added, he does not relish. His attitude toward this position best explains why his intimates can know him as he really is. Why strangers have to accept him as a "nice guy" and let it go at that.

"I just *can't* take it all too seriously," Fred grins. "Just because I happened to become a movie star doesn't make me the poor man's Super-Man. Mine was no God-given talent, destined to be shared with humanity. I didn't impersonate Charlie Chaplin when I was a kid. I didn't pound the



Left: Fred and his wife, Lillian, with "Jack," their spaniel who's just as much a part of the household as anyone else in the family. Above: Errol Flynn gets a light from Fred during the filming of "Dive Bomber," in which both are co-starred. Lower left: The MacMurrays enjoy dining out of an evening. Below: Fred, Errol Flynn and Ralph Bellamy in a scene from "Dive Bomber." There isn't a Glamour Girl in Hollywood who wouldn't give her sables to have Fred in a picture.



By Jerry Asher

pavements in the big city yearning to become a ham. No one ever called me a frustrated genius.

"It just happens that I got a lucky break. A dozen other fellows could have done just as well. I've never had a great deal to say. Never indulged in a dramatic point of view about myself. So, according to Hollywood standards, I lack color. I'm labeled as poor copy. I'm not hot stuff! Once I did dream up a terrific whopper to please the publicity department. That same day they pulled a stunt and burned Dorothy Lamour's sarong. Her story broke on front pages all over the country. I got one line! After that I decided I'd stick to being myself."

Fortunately for Fred, his self-imposed limitations are purely his personal impression. There isn't a glamour girl in Hollywood who wouldn't give her sables to have him in a picture. As far as his lack of color is concerned, no less authorities

than Carole Lombard and Clark Gable think he's one of the true individualists in the business. They love his subtle humor. His serious way of doing things, without taking himself seriously. One of Carole's favorite stories concerns the time the Gables dropped in on the MacMurrays unexpectedly.

As they drove up the driveway, Clark and Carole heard the most amazing sounds coming from the house. Bewildered, they tiptoed over to the library window and peeked in. Carole took one look and almost got hysterical. There stood Fred in the center of the room. His jaw was set. His attitude tense. He'd walk over to the victrola, bend his ear to the loud speaker, walk back to the center of the room again. Then he'd place a reed between his lips and throw back his head. Out of his throat came the shrill cry of a wild duck!

Just that day Fred had received his first record of a correspondence course in duck calling! Clark and Carole were convulsed. As if he were reciting Shakespeare, Fred imitated a Teal, a Spring, a Mallard and a Bluebill. In "One Night In Lisbon" this knowledge came in handy. It [Continued on page 70]



IRENE DUNNE

Irene co-stars with Robert Montgomery in her latest offering, "Unfinished Business." She plays the role of a singer, not good enough for opera and too good for night club work, so she becomes a telephone operator. An excellent romantic comedy.



PENNY SINGLETON

Although Penny doesn't appear in super-super specials her name is all-important to theatre owners because her "Blondie" pictures always mean big business at their box-offices. "Blondie La Society" is the newest in this very popular series.



JUDY
GARLAND

Yes, it's Judy all right, and in full-grown, Glamour Girl fashion. It's her favorite evening gown of blue net with matching net drape, sprinkled with rhinestones over her new coiffure. She'll be a bride before many more moons.



JAMES
ELLISON

Having completed work in the Gloria Swanson film, "Father Takes A Wife," Jimmy moved over from RKO to 20th Century-Fox to appear with Jack Beany in "Charley's Aunt," which should be one of the year's funniest films.



REGIS
TOOMEY

It's nice having Regis back in important pictures again. His latest is "Dive Bomber," which boasts of an all-star cast. It was Regis' part in "Meet John Doe" that convinced Warner Brothers his personality was still potent.



LUCILLE BALL

"Look Who's Laughing," which has Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Fibber McGee and Molly, also has a grand asset in Lucille Ball who'll help out in the merriment. There isn't a finer comedienne than Lucille on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD



Anne Shirley, who has been John Payne's wife for four years. They have a year-old baby. John proposed to Anne after knowing her one week.

"Many girls would be too childishly romantic to be wives here in Hollywood," asserts John Payne and not without reason.



HUSBAND

John Payne, husband of Anne Shirley, gives straight-from-the-shoulder facts as to what a girl might expect if married to a movie star

By Ben Maddox



WHAT'S it really like to have a movie star for a husband?

Many a girl, unsatisfied at home, has speculated. I went directly and boldly to John Payne.

He astounded me with his truthfulness. An obviously virile, life-loving male without benefit of camera angles, he pulled no punches in explaining fully.

Literally as tall, dark and handsome as any man who's hit Hollywood, he said unflinchingly, "I'll talk. Why not give the unvarnished answers? Why not tell the drawbacks and faults of such a husband? You want to know if—behind the ballyhoo—he's liable to be a disillusionment. Conceited, fickle, harder to handle? Maybe it's high time one of us finally spoke up for Our Sort!"

Actually, no one is better qualified to reveal the eccentricities of today's typical actor-husband than John. Just turned twenty-nine, he has more than an enviable starring contract with Darryl Zanuck that's making him Tyrone Power's chief rival on the 20th Century-Fox lot these days. Four years ago he married Anne Shirley, a film success in her own right, and together they have definitely made a go of marriage in spite of all the Hollywood bugaboos. They have never discussed their own marriage because they feel, and quite wisely, I think, that it is a strictly personal matter between them.

So as John ate heartily across from me in his studio's cafe, favoring well-done roast beef, his straightforwardness wasn't a betrayal of his and Anne's firm resolution to keep their affection and their year-old baby to themselves. He has continually told reporters that he'd rather have no publicity at all than exploit

an intimate relationship. An absolute realist, he never kids anyone. Least of all himself or Anne.

But those who wonder from afar about a movie star husband can have his opinions on the species, for what they're worth. "We have our virtues," John said in his low voice, "and you can easily weigh them against our disadvantages because we modern actors become a particular kind of husband. I believe we have distinctive, characteristic assets. And, also, we have no qualms about being blandly minus some traits that have been played up for ages as foundation stones. I don't want to make A Production of this," he smiled. "Let's be specific and get to the point of things!"

"When a girl gets an actor in love with her she'll get her proposal pretty fast. She won't have to die on the vine waiting for him to catch on about a wedding. I must say we aren't the backward brand. Expressing our emotions is our work, so when a girl proves interesting and fine and sweet enough to intrigue us we are not the afraid lamb. We don't marry merely to gain a perpetual servant; we have too much imagination and adventure for that! But when we do eventually look into a certain pair of eyes and there's that undeniable mutual click we trust our hunch. In high. Why, Anne and I had only been acquainted for a week when it was plain she was for me and so I proposed right then."

Being engaged to a movie actor—with a bow to the few splashy exceptions—is apt, he contends, to be quieter than a similar step in the every-day circle. First of all, there's seldom the formality of a party whereat the fiancée feverishly breaks the news to her agog girl-friends. (Continued on page 72)



Upper right: Being married hasn't made the Paynes a couple of stay-at-homes. Left: John is Sonja Henie's leading man in "Sun Valley Serenade." He's now Tyrone Power's chief rival for choice roles on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Below: A scene with Lynn Bari in "Sun Valley Serenade." His next is "Right To The Heart."





MY SISTERS AND I

AT SIXTEEN, Warners' Joan Leslie has every right under the sun to step up to Hal Wallis, in charge of revels out Burbank way, and tell him what's what in show business.

For fourteen of her sixteen years she has been cajoling the public out of its boredom and gloom with entertainment ranging from out-and-out corn to something which the critics will probably be calling *Art* after her next picture, "Sergeant York." hits the deck. She may enjoy this right, you understand. But rest assured that she will never exercise her option.

Joan Leslie may be sixteen, but she is not silly. At sixteen she is, among other things, quite hep to life. Trouping around hither and yon has given her a wisdom of sorts.

For heaven's sake don't get the impression that Miss Leslie is a sophisticated smoothie, a woman of experience, as the writers like to describe it. Quite on the contrary, her manner is naive, but nice. She bounds into places always half out of breath. Her face is aglow with enthusiasm, her eyes shining with *joie de vivre*. She talks as if she were a cousin to the west wind. She jumps from topic to topic. A caddy would call her gabby. But delightfully so.

The eyes are hazel and leaping. The hair is long and auburn. The figure is tall and svelte. Sculptors in good standing think it is "hale and heroic." That jargon you will have to decipher for yourself. This reporter would call it soft and scenic. The shoulders are broad and tapering. The face is modern-classical. In one breath she is apt to sing, à la Andrews sisters, "Give Me Some Skin." In the next she is just as apt to enact the role of a sun goddess. She made a wonderful sun deity for the first Southern California All-Winter Sun Festival which closed last April. The people who run the show were so grateful that they presented her with a smart-looking car with twenty-five dials and instruments on the dashboard and showered her with bales of oranges, crates of figs, and truck loads of grapefruit. You see the ex-goddess (*she won't have time for the high jinks next year*) is nuts about vitamins in particular and fruit juices generally. Scotch and soda has never trickled past the

lady's lovely palate. Lemonade is as strong as she goes, although once she did take a swig of beer at some dope's insistence. She thought it tasted simply awful.

If you are admiring the girl for despising foul drink, wait until you hear how she gives romance the one-two, skidoo. At sixteen, Jane Withers has her Joe E. Brown, Jr., and, on occasions, Master Freddie Bartholomew, but at sixteen Joan Leslie has no dates at all. Up until the daisies came, 1941 vintage, Joan Leslie's hot nocturnes have added up to 1.

It seems that she had a girl friend whose brother went to Loyola. Well, it also seems that this very well-behaved young man didn't have a girl to take to the winter dance, so his sister did some wire-pulling and got Joan to go.

Milo, of the Warner wardrobe, whipped up a special dress for the occasion. "It's just Joan's age," all his co-workers agreed when she modeled it for them just before she took it home. The frock was almost like a costume dress, in case you like details. It was fabricated out of quilted taffeta, pale blue like a robin's egg. The sleeves were puffed. The skirt was full, so that when she whirled the hem left the floor like a plane taking off.

She emphatically did not spend two hours getting made up. She licked her eyebrows a little and rubbed her lips. She was just going out the door when her mother spotted her.

"No make-up? Not even for this big shindig?"

"No, mother."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to look like a movie star."

Whereupon, she combed down her hair once more and departed.

Director Howard Hawks has had this to say about his unusual heroine in the "Sergeant York" saga.

"For a kid that young she's wonderful. There are things she'll have to learn, of course. But I've never found anyone more willing to learn. Or less dependent on others. She knows what she wants and I don't think [Continued on page 75]

Their life in show business has had few dull moments for the sixteen-year-old veteran, Joan Leslie, and her two talented sisters, Mary and Betty whom she adores

By
John R.
Franchey

Opposite page, l. to r.: Betty Brodel, Joan Leslie and Mary Brodel. All sisters, but Warners gave Joan the name of Leslie.

Right: Joan would rather talk about her sisters than herself and they'd rather talk about her. Below: With "Mike," one of her two wire-haired terriers. Lower right: A scene from "Sergeant York," with Gary Cooper.



"All the so-called *weaknesses* in women about which men either complain or make fun, are not there for me," says Conrad Veidt, "for they have their excuses and are charming . . . I am a very great lover of all women. Like a lover, I am blind to their faults."



By Gladys Hall

A WOMAN said of him, "He has wicked eyes. A sinister mouth. Strange hands. His walk is frightening—and fascinating. His smile can be sadistic, or—very sweet. There is something not quite normal about him. But I don't know what it is. You look at him and you think, *Something is going on there!*"

Melvyn Douglas said of him, "He is a sweet guy, a very gentle gentleman."

His fan mail is terrific. Mostly from women. Women who find him exciting and, with excitement, say so.

His best friends call him "Connie."

He lives in a charming, tree shaded house in Beverly Hills. A white house, one-storied, with dark green gables. We sat in the sun-room, the doors open into the garden, flowers inside and out. Mr. Veidt wore a white tweed coat, gray flannels, blue sports shirt and scarf. As a host, he is exceedingly charming, attentive, that beautiful courtesy that comes from the Old World, from accumulated experience, from love of, and appreciation of, women. (*Mr. Veidt refers to women as females.*) His man brought us tea, thin sandwiches, chocolate cake. Mr. V. has a passion—quite normal, not?—for chocolate cake. He gets up and walks while talking, paces. He doesn't rise from a chair or couch, he springs. There is a strange, subdued brilliance about him. The exciting quality is there.

I told him the things I hear said about him, a confusion of things out of which I can make no pattern. I said, "I don't know what to think—what do you think about yourself? How do you see yourself?"

We made a game of our interview. Mr. Veidt was to pretend to be looking into a mirror. The mirror, so to speak, of Truth. He was to tell me what he saw there, on the surface and beneath the surface. He was to speak honestly, without reservations or reticences, without fear of being misunderstood. The object of the "game" being that, at the end, I would be able to determine whether he is "sadistic" or "very sweet;" whether he is "not quite normal" or "a very gentle gentleman;" whether there is, in his pri-

Above: Conrad Veidt and Norma Shearer in a scene from "Escape." He declares, "I do not see myself as the so-called dangerous man, of whom, it is often said, women most love."

vate life or practices, any hint of the demonic quality his roles on the screen suggest; whether "something is going on"—and if so, what?"

He looked into the mirror and this is what he saw:

A man six feet, three inches tall, blue eyes, deep-socketed, a pale skin, greying hair, an intellectual forehead, an enigmatic mouth, a man built on streamlined, greyhound lines.

He said, smiling, "It goes back to my eyes. I suppose. Blue eyes, but very deep-set. But I think they are two eyes which are quite normal. The shape of the face is long, the nose is long, the mouth is thin. The conformation of the face leads to conjecture, no doubt. Perhaps, it is the camera that brings to the brain an impression of something not quite normal? But I am to be honest? So I must admit

that even in my private life, when people look at me, they are very kind and say, 'yes, charming, very nice, but—' There is always a 'but.' There is always a question mark.

"I think the face deceives. I think all faces deceive. I think all faces are masks. When I look at people myself, I *never believe what I see*. I do not believe there is ugliness in any human being—until his actions prove it to me. And then I believe there is an excuse for his actions. Life, which is stronger than any individual, has given his soul a maiming twist. But what is outward in a man can give you an entirely different impression. A cripple, misshapen, may have a beautiful soul.

"When I see myself, I see a normal man. I see the soul of a fat, little baby looking at me out of my eyes. Of this, I will tell you later. I see a normal man, because I live my life exactly as other men. A few years when I was young that were a bit wild, like other young men. So that, too, is normal.

"I am married. That is normal. I have

[Continued on page 77]



CONRAD VEIDT LOOKS IN THE MIRROR—



Key Aldridge, Marguerite Chapman and Alexis Smith plant unwelcome kisses on Jack Oakie's cheek on the "Navy Blues" set. Or is he just bursting with restricted joy?

Right: Martha Raye strikes a characteristic pose during one of the rough-and-tumble sequences. Martha, Jack Oakie and Jack Haley are a panic with their antics.



ON THE SET OF "NAVY BLUES"



Left: "Navy Blues" marks the return of Ann Sheridan to the screen. She just stepped on Martha's toes. Below: Martha does a bit of bottle bopping as Jack Haley and Jack Oakie try to stop it.





The gorgeous girls of the "Navy Blues" Sextet line up for a picture. Peggy Diggins, Marguerite Chapman, Georgia Carroll, Kay Aldridge, Lorraine Gettman, and Claire James. Left: Martha and Ann in a bit of not-so-close harmony.

Right: Alexis Smith, Kay Aldridge, Marguerite Chapman and Lorraine Gettman give a lift to unsuspecting Jack Oakie on the "Navy Blues" set. Below: Martha Raye shows Jack Oakie how she looks with a pug nose. Notice her wedding ring? Will she keep it?



LOVE SCENES THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

MANY actors look back on their first love scenes as crucial moments. Sometimes they were amusing, often embarrassing, but whatever the tempo, they left a lasting memory.

Dorothy Lamour still shudders when she recalls her first picture, "The Jungle Princess."

"On my way to Hollywood," said Dorothy, "I envisioned myself wearing gorgeous frocks and being wooed in swanky drawing rooms. Instead, I found myself the first morning in a Malayan jungle, barefoot, wearing a kinky sarong, and being made love to by Ray Milland, whom I'd just met. In the midst of his first impassioned love making, I suddenly saw a snake coiled on a tree beside me and I let out a scream you could have heard in China. I was petrified. The director explained that the snake—and a tiger, crouching behind me, were to enhance the jungle atmosphere. Well, we went through the scene, but it's all a blank to me. Since then, I've learned many things. You must hold on to your self-assurance at all costs if you are to convince audiences that you can win your man. Also, that you can't be glamorous without poise. But that first day, I fell down on all counts."

Brenda Marshall's first love scene was a painful affair. "I was frantically nervous the day before starting 'The Sea Hawk,'" explained Brenda, "for I still couldn't believe I was really to play opposite Errol Flynn, who had been my movie idol when I lived in Manila. To quiet my nerves, Bill Holden and I went horseback riding and my horse threw me. They took me to the hospital and discovered I had three sprained ribs, so they taped me up, but I refused to tell the studio for fear they'd take me out of the picture. It happened that the first scene the next day was where Errol jumps into my carriage to evade capture, and makes love to me. I was in terrific pain; we were driving over a cobblestone road; I was suffocating in my heavy velvet costume, and trying to remember my lines. Believe me, I nearly passed out before we finished. Here's the pay off: critics viewing the picture pointed to that love scene as the most realistic and believable in the entire film."

Today's Great Lover, Tyrone Power, charges his film romances with a super-glamorous heat. His first love scene was with Madeleine Carroll in "Lloyds of London," but being a born trouper, he wasn't the least em-



Above: Cesar Romero about to kiss the lips of curvacious Carole Landis in "Dance Hall," but Marlene Dietrich gave him his most memorable kiss. **Right:** Bob Hope got his first screen kisses in "Give Me A Sailor," from Martha Raye and Betty Grable! What a pleasure!

Lower left: Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in "North West Mounted Police." Gary says some actors can fake kisses, but he can't. **Below:** Brenda Marshall and Errol Flynn. Brenda had to do her first love scene with Errol Flynn with three sprained ribs and suffered terribly!





Above: Ann Sheridan in a tender moment with Jeffrey Lynn. But Ann will never forget the first love scene she did with Fred MacMurray! *Left:* Dorothy Lamour in the firm embrace of Ray Milland with whom she had her first screen kisses.



Lower right: Robert Stack had quite a time of it perfecting the kiss which was to be Deanna Durbin's first on the screen. *Below:* Jack Benny got his first screen kiss from Ida Lupino in "Artists and Models" and he admits it was all very wonderful, too.



Let the stars tell you about their first and most memorable love scenes before the camera and then, perhaps, you won't envy their hugs and kisses so much

By Maude Cheatham

barrasted, instead, he enjoyed it. Blessed with an ability to concentrate his imagination, Tyrone is completely swept into the character and scene he is portraying, so perhaps, it isn't Ty making all this love, but the other fellow. Many of his more torrid scenes have been snipped from the films and left on the cutting room floor. This tragedy swallowed up a pensive sequence with Dorothy Lamour on a yacht for "Johnny Apollo," one between Ty and Myrna Loy in "The Rains Came," and several with Linda Darnell in "Brigham Young," where romance couldn't be too freely expressed. Also, some desert scenes between Tyrone and Annabella in "Suez" just when their own love was beginning to flame. All put together, wouldn't they make a thriller?

"I had barely met Maurice Chevalier," said Jeanette MacDonald, "when we began a bedroom love scene for my first picture, 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' in which I wore a filmy, lacey nightgown. Of course, I had on a silk bathing suit underneath, but as I lay in that great bed, with the romantic Chevalier perched beside me, gazing ardently into my eyes and repeating flowery dialogue, I suddenly became panic stricken. Suppose he doesn't know about the bathing suit under my nightie, I thought. Too, what will he think of American girls who make love to strange men? In my nervous excitement, I became absolutely obsessed by these thoughts and couldn't remember my lines, so we had to do it over and over and over. You know how Ernst Lubitsch strives for perfection. By the time it was finished, I was almost in tears and didn't care what the fascinating Maurice thought."

"Early training has spoiled love scenes for me," said Sonja Henie. "In my native Norway, demonstrations of affection were never made in public. On the day scheduled for the first love scene with Don Ameche, in my first picture, 'One In a Million,' I was dismayed to find crowds of people gathered to watch us, with my father and mother right out in front. I kept thinking, here I am making love to a man I hardly know, a married man at that, before all these strangers, and I became so embarrassed that I wanted to bolt the studio. If Don hadn't been so understanding, so very helpful I would have, too. I've never become used to this phase of picture-making and can't say I enjoy the love scenes."

Gary Cooper slides over his early scenes, saying he didn't get a chance for love [Continued on page 80]

YOUNG

Helen Parrish, now eighteen, who began her movie career at two, is interviewed by her cinematic and inquisitive brother-in-law

"**H**IYAH boy," I said to Barney, who runs the elevator in my hotel. "I've just interviewed Helen Parrish."
"Yeah?" he asked, interested. "I read an item about her in your magazine recent. She's been on a lotta celluloid with that Durbin, huh?"

"That's right," I said. "And by the way, she's also my sister-in-law."

"What!" he shouted, mouth agape. "You're kiddin'! She ain't really married to Rudy Vallee, is she?"

"Well," I stalled, "not quite. That is, not exactly. Only in a movie they've made called 'Too Many Blondes.'"

Aside from being my brother's cinematic wife, I found Miss Parrish interesting in a great many ways. For example, she began her movie career when she was two—in the days of the silent movie. Yet, today, she is at 18 one of the young acting crowd—literally a young veteran. Another interesting sidelight is that she comes from a family whose kids were taught never to say *no* when a studio called—no matter what the request. If a six-foot husky were needed for a western, one of the four-foot boys answered *yes* and went over to the studio ready to sell them the idea of substituting a manly four-footer. He usually did. The Parrish house also is haunted by a Mexican maid who can't cook, but who is so entertainingly mad and has such an angelic disposition that the family openly cater to her and the guests can take it or leave it.

However, to make this more than just a jumble of slightly-related facts anent the rather beautiful Miss Parrish and her slightly unorthodox family, let's begin at the beginning. That beginning occurred in Columbus, Georgia, where Remer and Laura Parrish (*he's connected with a national soft-drink concern*) had just announced the birth of a daughter, Helen Virginia Parrish. Then, even before the child had a chance to acquire a Southern accent, Mr. Parrish's firm ordered him to Fresno, California. From there he was sent to Hollywood and at two, Helen started going to business.

"It began," she said, "when mother took me along to answer a studio call. My good-looking sister was the one who had persuaded mother to take her over to the studio—I was there



VETERAN

By William Lynch Vallee

simply because I couldn't be left at home alone. 'Sorry,' the man in the casting office said, 'but we're not using any pretty girls in this picture. However,' he went on, pointing at me, 'that will hardly interfere with our taking that one.' Which should give you a rough idea of how pretty I was as a tot.

"Nevertheless, that's the way I became an actress. My first picture was with the great Babe Ruth, in a silent film called 'Babe Comes Home.' After the first day's shooting, Babe decided that I needed a little diversion so he took me on a steep roller coaster seven or eight times. Then he brought me home on his shoulder—with at least four hundred adoring boys trailing close on our heels. 'Helen didn't say much,' Babe told my horrified mother, 'but I guess she liked the roller coaster.' Didn't say much! Why I was so scared I couldn't say anything, even stop!"

Speaking of relationships—which we weren't—she has been many things to many people. First the Bambino's, then Richard Dix's, John Boles' and Frank Morgan's daughter. Then Deanna Durbin's cousin, Bill Boyd's pal, Jackie Cooper's girl, Rudy Vallee's wife—and so on. She gets around. . . .

"After the picture with the Babe, I did a lot of extra work, mostly in 'Our Gang' and 'Smithy' comedies. By the time I was an old veteran of six they decided that I was expert enough to work with Bill Boyd in 'His First Command'—Boyd's, mine and Universal's first sound movie. The day before I was to start in this one I fell down and knocked out a front tooth. Mother told the director that she had the tooth and could have it put back, temporarily. 'G'wan,' he laughed, 'that blank space'll look cute on the kid.' It didn't make much difference, anyway, because I was a pretty homely kid." (Author's Note: Cast your eye over the layout accompanying this article for proof of a change.)

Farts followed in "Fox Follies," "Dog Of Flanders" (she

got a contract from RKO with this one—she was thirteen), "When A Feller Needs A Friend," "Seed" (in this picture she played her idol, Bette Davis, as a child. At this time Miss Davis hadn't achieved her great popularity), "Cimarron" and "There's Always Tomorrow."

"My contract with RKO," she says, "ran out in six months and they let me go. I was doing some extra work, but I was at the awkward age and mother wanted me to get in some more schooling."

"I was so excited the day Fairfax (Fairfax High School) was to play its annual baseball game with Los Angeles that I got myself all tricked up. I wore one yellow sock and one red one, Fairfax's colors. Then just as I was leaving the building headed for the game, mother hove into sight, waving at me and I knew right away that the studio had called and that the game, for me, was out. Boy was I mad!"

"It turned out to be an interview with no less than Mr. (Joe) Pasternak. He was looking for someone to play the part of Deanna Durbin's jealous schoolmate in 'Mad About Music.' I was supposed to be nasty in the picture and in my frustrated mood I was just what the doctor ordered—and I wasn't acting. I had really wanted to see that game! Mr. Pasternak said that my performance (before him, then) was marvelous and signed me on the spot."

She clicked in the picture even when she cooled off and Universal signed her on to a contract. Since then she has appeared in two other pictures with Miss Durbin (or Mrs. Paul), namely: "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" and "First Love." Since Miss Durbin is Universal's pride, hope, joy and a few other things, this is no small distinction.

"My favorite role is the part I played in 'First Love,'" she says. "I was the rich cousin with the beastly nature. I really was a pretty awful character," she shuddered, "but it was a part that I could sink my teeth into. People remember you in parts like that. I know. They come up to me and say: 'Aren't you Helen Parrish? My but you were a horrible brat in 'First Love!'"

To get on with her story. There was, it seems, a dandy character part in Raoul Walsh's "Big Trail" that Helen wasn't even considered for. It went to Mr. Walsh's daughter, Marilyn, who decided later that she didn't want it. Helen was sent for and she and her mother went on location—where her mother even worked in a couple of scenes. There's a moral in this paragraph because it proves that so often, on location, the job of hard-enough-anyway movie acting is complicated by physical annoyances. They had, you see, to live in a flimsy cabin, get up to a bugle at five [Continued on page 85]

Opposite page: William Lynch Vallee lunching with Helen Parrish and her current boy friend, Charles Lang. Below: Helen and Charles watch the Brooklyn Dodgers trounce the Pittsburgh Pirates. She's a red hot Brooklyn rooter.



Left: Jerome Cowan, Helen and Rudy Vallee in a scene from "Too Many Blondes," her latest offering. Below: During the filming of "Too Many Blondes," Helen was supposed to save Rudy from drowning, but he really had to save her.



VIRILITY PLUS!!!

Big Victor McLaglen typifies the vigorous and powerful male on the screen or off and he's been in just as many adventurous battles in real life as he has in films

By Paul Benedict

VICTOR MCLAGLEN became famous in the films for his gusto, his courage and primitive lust for living. Off the screen they remain the most vivid characteristics of his personality.

All of his life—he is now 53—he has been a first-class fighting man, taking his fun where he found it, meeting adventure not just around the corner, but directly in front of him. Today he can sit back amid the lush meadows of his million dollar ranch, though he's anything but a sitting man, satisfied that life for him has been continuously exciting.

He's been everywhere and done everything, and while he never purposely set out to make friends and influence people he has managed to leave an emphatic mark upon the entertainment history of his time. It's too bad Kipling and Jack London couldn't have known him, for he is their vital, picturesque, rough-and-ready heroes come to life. He is Hollywood's inevitable answer to the charge that the film colony is growing soft, flabby and super-sophisticated. In short, he is Hollywood's epic he-man who has made he-manliness pay in profits and prestige, as it has never paid before.

Like all men who get anywhere in the world he doesn't talk about his success. Only casually does he hint that he's been in every corner of the globe and worked at innumerable jobs. But approach him on the subject of fighting—fighting as a soldier or as a professional pugilist—and his blue eyes light up and a smile furrows his face like a newly-plowed pasture, and he wishes he could turn the clock back twenty-five years and be off to the wars with a rifle or a good clenched fist.

The wars come first. "There's that little matter," as he puts it, "of convincing Adolf that he can't push people around, just as we convinced Wilhelm some time back."

Vic McLaglen was one of those whose job it was to convince Wilhelm. All of his ancestors but one were military men. The exception was his father, who was a Bishop of the Church of England. His father was Scotch, his mother Irish. He and four of his brothers fought in World War I, Victor holding a commission in the Irish Fusiliers. One brother, Fred, didn't come back. Several years before the war, at the age of 14, Vic had run away from home, made his way on foot to London—a distance of some 10 miles—and enlisted in the army. At the end of four years he persuaded his father to help him get his release.

Army life had toughened him physically. He had learned, too, how to handle his fists. It wasn't long after his release he had become something of a "white hope." There were those in Northwest Canada, to which he had emigrated, who thought he might capture the heavyweight crown from the new colored heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson. Believe it or not, Victor McLaglen was Jack Johnson's first opponent after he had won the title from Tommy Burns in Australia.

The youth's courage was greater than his





Above: Patsy Kelly tells Victor one he hasn't heard before. **Right:** With Dennis O'Keefe and Marjorie Woodworth in "Broadway Limited." **Right Center:** Vic does the match-balancing trick in "Broadway Limited." **Lower right:** Visiting with Writer J. P. McEvoy and his wife.



judgment. He saw the championship—and a pot of gold—in the distance, entered the ring with Johnson in Vancouver. He lasted six rounds.

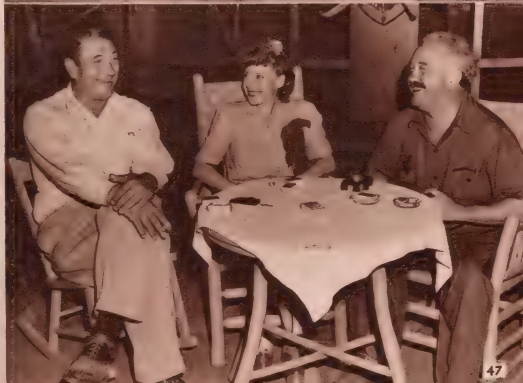
"I wasn't disgraced," Vic said. "At least, that was what Jack Kearns, later Dempsey's manager, who saw the contest, declared. 'If I were a little younger, I wouldn't mind taking a crack at the boxing game. There never was a time when a heavyweight could clean up in the fight business as now. The public is clamoring for another Dempsey.'"

The mind-and-muscle coordination, the endurance are no longer effectively present in McLaglen, though he still has the brawn. The fellow weighs 220 pounds, is 6 feet 3, has long powerful arms, hands the size of hams. It was these arms and hands and this strength that enabled him on the Fox lot a few years back to rip an 88 pound machine gun from a tripod and sprint with it across a courtyard, firing at a rate of 600 shots a minute.

Victor McLaglen likes to recall his old pugilistic days, his feats of prowess. Yet, his recollection is not in any vainglorious manner. Rather, it is made in the spirit of one who likes to talk of his adventures past out of the sheer fun it gives him. In telling of it he is living it over again in the manner that an old sea captain or an old soldier recounts his exploits.

"In my old ring days I remember fighting a huge French-Canadian called Lefebvre. I got a beating. I took on Emile Schock, then champion of the British Northwest, and beat him. I fought a fellow named Curly Carr out on a tiny island before 600 fans who paid \$10 a head to watch us battle. Maybe, I should have waited a while before taking on Jack Johnson."

McLaglen's ring career was comparatively brief, which was probably a good thing for him, if one judges by his subsequent success. Certainly it can be doubted that he would have been as happy and as comfortable as he is at present. In arriving at that happiness and that comfort he has had a hard battle. In turn he has been soldier, farmer, miner, policeman, wrestler, boxer, vaudeville actor, pearl fisherman, signwriter, physical training instructor, big-game hunter, trader, provost marshal and actor. (Continued on page 87)





INTER

Original screen story of E. Lloyd Sheldon and Jack De Witt. Directed by Tim Whelan. Edward Small production. Released through United Artists. Fictionized by Jane MacDonald.

Carla had chosen the part she would play in life, a part more dangerous than that of a soldier. And from her father, who had been a member of the great international espionage ring before her, she had learned the things that made her a successful spy.

SHE had always liked London, had Carla Nilsson and it was hard to stand there in the frail shelter of her apartment house lobby and see the destruction raining down upon it. Up there in the dark sky bombers were hurling death down to the streets and she was a part of that destruction.

But she mustn't give in to this feeling, partly pity, partly guilt. She mustn't give in to any feeling that would come between her and the things she must do. She must think only of her own country and its ignominious defeat. Must remember nothing but the hunger and cold and suffering of her own people in the aftermath of that other war. There must not be another defeat. This time it must be victory.

And because of that, love for her country must be the only love in her life, that loyalty the only loyalty. There must be no pity for any other country but her own, strong again after that generation of weakness. No other love, even the love of a woman for a man. For she had chosen the part she would play, a part more dangerous than that of a soldier. And from her father, who had been a member of the great international espionage ring before her, she had learned the things that went into the making of a successful spy.

She didn't turn as she heard the door open behind her, or give any evidence that she saw the man standing casually beside her, his dark eyes following the manoeuvres in the sky. She waited for him to speak, she was used to having men make overtures to her on far less excuses than watching an air raid with her. But the man did not seem to notice her at all.

She knew who he was, she had known for a long time and had been waiting for just such an opportunity as this to make his acquaintance. It was important for her to meet Jim Hanley, that affable young American lawyer who had such important friends at the American Embassy. Her chief had sent her a

memorandum about him, instructing her to rent an apartment in the same building he lived in, for he was her one chance of getting an American passport and it was important, terribly important that she get to the United States.

"Pardon," she said in her soft voice with its faint whisper of an accent. "Do you think it safe to go over to the shelter, the underground?"

"Not in this weather, I'm afraid." The laughing lines around Jim's mouth deepened as he smiled. "It's a bit showery."

"Showery?" Her voice was puzzled, then she understood as a hail of iron fragments hit the pavements. "Oh, yes, showery, I see." Then after a pause. "You're American, aren't you?"

"Yes." He grinned at her. "My name is Jim Hanley. And you must be Miss Carla Nilsson."

For a moment the sense of danger closed in on her, but she compelled herself to hold the smile on her lips. She wasn't sure about Jim Hanley. None of the ring was sure of just what and who he was.

"You're quite famous," Jim went on easily. "Concert singer. Photographer's delight."

Relief swept over her in a warm wave. "You Americans are as bad as the Irish," she laughed. "A lot of us are Irish." Jim pointed out. "There's a very pleasant shelter over in the Berkley Hotel boiler room. Maybe you'd like to come there with me?"

Carla pretended to hesitate.

"Thank you," she said demurely. "But isn't that the 'all clear?' I don't think I shall go."

"Oh, we're likely to have another raid any minute," Jim urged her. "The Berkley's quite safe. Besides there's a dance floor, orchestra and just what it takes to settle our nerves."

She accepted as she had known (Continued on page 90)

NATIONAL LADY

When a beautiful blonde spy falls madly in love with one of the enemy, can she still continue to be of service to her own country?

CAST

Jim Hanley	George Brent
Carla Nilsson	Ilona Massey
Reggie Oliver	Basil Rathbone
Senor Brunner	Martin Kosleck
Mrs. Grenner	Marjorie Gateson
Sidney Grenner	Gene Lockhart
Webster	George Zucco

Upper triangle: Carla handed Grenner the musical score. "The code signals are spaced," she said, "sometimes carried by the accompaniment, sometimes by the voice. It is rather complicated." **Lower triangle:** Jim was unconscious when she knelt beside him. She pushed his coat back to listen to his heart beat and saw the flash of a badge beneath it. An F.B.I. badge!





WE POINT WITH PRIDE

GO

GINGER ROGERS

FAR from resting on her laurels after receiving the Academy Award for the best 1940 performance by an actress for her role in "Kitty Foyle," Ginger Rogers continues on her triumphant way with another outstanding contribution with her work in "Tom, Dick and Harry," her latest film for RKO. When Ginger forsook dancing roles, because she believed they interfered considerably with her acting, it was wondered if Ginger really had sufficient histrionic talent to make so drastic a decision. She has since proven how definitely right she was in putting aside her dancing pumps. Ginger has studied hard, not letting a day go by without learning more about dramatics, and now must be considered one of the greatest actresses ever to appear on the American screen. She represents the feelings and emotions of more girls in this country than any other actress you can name. To them she is rightfully an idol, for she has glorified them in her roles as the typical American girl who works hard for a living.

Below: Burgess Meredith and Ginger Rogers having an hilarious time of it during a bowling sequence in "Tom, Dick and Harry," which also features George Murphy.



It's More Fun to Be Bad

[Continued from page 24]

mind. But at least she's on the screen again—and that's the best perk-upper for the picture business we can think of right now.

I talked with Claire in her dressing room at the Columbia studio the other day. The hairdresser was fixing her up with a cascade of lovely curls. "I'm a good girl in this picture," she said, "and I'm having to put out a lot of effort. It seems so natural for me to be bad. I never suspected it until I played *Francey* in 'Dead End.' The part came so easy to me. And then when the picture was released everybody raved about my acting. I hadn't realized I was doing anything unusual. The part of *Francey* in 'Dead End' took a day and a half to shoot, and lasted two minutes on the screen, and did me more good than all the sweet, wonderful, young women I had been playing for four years straight."

"Then why do you play these sweet, wonderful young women," I asked, "when you could have enough bad girl roles to keep you in government bonds the rest of your life?"

"I know," said Claire, "But I don't want to be typed. If the producers had their way I'd soon be the Lucretia Borgia of the West Coast. But I don't know why I bother. Look at that bonnet—isn't it revolting! That's what I get for being a good girl."

The bonnet was indeed "revolting"—rosebuds and green twigs. The wardrobe girl slipped a pink (*wouldn't you know*) dress over her head, put a reticule in her hands, and cute little *Missy Mike* of *Abilene, Texas*, was all ready to return to the set.

"Believe me," said Claire, "it's more fun to be bad. All a bad girl has to do is lounge around and say, 'Come here, honey.' Maybe I'm just lazy, but I like lounging around. A bad girl doesn't always get her man (*Lana Turner swipes him from Claire in 'Honky Tonk'*), but at least she gets home all in one piece. Look at my arms, and my legs!"—I gazed upon assorted bruises—"that's what I get for wanting to be a good girl in a picture. This ripe little number I got on a buckboard yesterday. How nice, I said to myself, when I arrived on the set, they'll have to do this scene in process. But no, little Claire had to get whipped by Bill Holden and knocked down off that buckboard eight times. I thought my brains would come out. Oh, it's much more fun to walk down a street in black sateen and a feather boa."

"And the day before that the action called for me to open a door quickly and trip over a saddle. Did you ever trip over a saddle? Jolly, isn't it! Something new in prat falls. That little scene, I think, we took ten times. I slept on my stomach last night. Tomorrow I've got to go out to Metro and swing my hips around in a scene with Gable in a frontier gambling house. I'm so sore from being good, I can't be bad."

"Claire," called the assistant director, "the scene you did the other day where you fall out of the wagon and catch your

dress on a nail? Well, we gotta do it over."

"See," said Claire, "I've got to snag my leg again. That's just dandy. Yes—I think I'll be a bad girl from now on. At least, bad girls don't have to be stunt girls."

Some years ago, before Claire had to make up her mind whether she'd take the primrose path or the rosebud bonnet, she was born on the vastly populated island called Long Island. The family first moved to New York City, and then to Larchmont, where Claire went to high school, and then when it was a choice of college and dramatic school, chose the latter. Miss Claire Wemlinger, being a trifle lazy no doubt, decided that she might just as well have actual theatrical experience as get herself all worked up over something that didn't pay off. So she dreamed up a beautiful theatrical background, and sat around in casting offices until a fresh office boy asked her for rent. But it was also a fresh office boy who gave her the name that was destined to go up in lights all over the country.

"Claire St. Claire," (*that was Claire's concoction*) he snarled, "you'll never get any place with that. Say, I got a name for you. Why don't you try *Claire Trevor*?"

Claire said all right she would, and did. Soon afterwards, as Claire Trevor, she landed a job with the Warners' St. Louis stock company. Her first success was with Ernest Truex in the New York production of "Whistling in the Dark," which brought on a slew of offers from Hollywood. But Claire had the theatre in her blood, and made a pretty gesture, and said, "Later," "I paid dearly for that gesture," said Claire. "I didn't get another play for months and months." But she finally did, the lead in "The Party's Over," and this time when the offers came rolling in she snatched what she hoped would be the best of the bunch—a 20th Century-Fox contract. Followed the twenty-three B pictures, in which she played sweet, wonderful young women until she almost screamed.

Her first picture after she broke her contract with 20th Century-Fox was "Dead End" at Goldwyn's, which, as you know already, started her on her life of shame. The gangster's moll in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," at Warners, and *Dallas* in "Stagecoach," at Wanger's cinched it. "I never thought *Dallas* was so bad," said Claire sympathetically, "she seemed such a good-hearted girl. But she must have had a pretty shady past, else the women wouldn't have driven her out of town."

"In my effort to keep from being typed," said Claire, "I played several good girls after 'Stagecoach.' I was a horrible failure. So I was bad again."

She played in "The Alleghany Uprising" and "The Dark Command" and then decided to retire from the screen for a year to make up her mind. Which she didn't.

Impulsive, level-headed, warm-hearted, good-natured, and intelligent, Claire is



Deanna Durbin and hubby Vaughn Pasty try to pick a winner at the Hollywood Park races and find it difficult.

one of the best liked people in Hollywood. Though very few of them know her. She and her husband don't bother with social life, and are rarely seen in night clubs. "I used to give small dinner parties sometimes," said Claire, "but things were always happening to my guests. Just the other night I wanted to have a few friends over to meet an old friend of mine from New York. I called him and invited him to dinner. 'Sorry, Claire,' he said, 'I'm picketing the Carthay Circle tonight.'"

About two years ago Claire married Clark Andrews, a radio writer she met when she was playing *Lorelei* on the "Big Town" broadcasts. Clark is a big, handsome guy. Yale graduate, tennis player extraordinary, and now a writer at 20th Century-Fox. "Before I married," said Claire, "I depended upon my mother for everything. I'm the forgetful type, and she did all my remembering for me, even remembering to get me up in the morning. If I ever marry, I used to say, I'll marry the strong, efficient, capable sort of man who will take care of everything for me. So—I married a man who is even more forgetful than I am. So what do you think happened? I became the efficient type. Which proves my theory that men never change, marriage doesn't effect them in the least. You might just as well realize that when you marry a man. He isn't going to change. It's the woman who does the changing."

Luxury for the Andrews is to get to bed early with a couple of books (*and "candy," Claire adds. "I love candy in bed"*) and read until midnight. Then Clark will say, "I'm hungry. I'll bring up some food." And then the nightly ice-box raid begins.

Just twice has Claire—who can be awfully obstinate when she wants to be—put her foot down. The first time was when she announced to Clark that she would never have breakfast with him, as she didn't believe in a husband and wife having breakfast together. And the second time, more recent, when she told him to take that so-and-so radio out of the house and burn it. "Every few minutes he would turn on the war news," she said. "It finally got me."

As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if a lot of other young couples wouldn't be much happier if they didn't start the day off with breakfast together, and depressing world news. Anyway, Claire has made up her mind about that.

"Before the Fact" in Fashions

By Carolyn Martin



Edward Stevenson touches fabrics with the magic wand of gold beads, sequins and fur and the result—glamorous costumes for Joan Fontaine in "Before the Fact"

Left: Many fashion sources have been whispering, "Fuchsia for Autumn." So here is Joan, queenly in fuchsia velvet, garnering in gold beads the good grains of the earth, wheat and corn. Unmatched for gracile lines are the sweetheart neckline, the basque bodice, the leg o' mutton sleeves. A quantity of velvet goes into that very full, circular skirt, and a necklace of diamonds about Joan's throat.

Right: Slim, classic lines, ideal for Joan's lithe figure, in pale blue crêpe with a girdle of iridescent sequins. An exaggerated sweetheart neckline, the most flattering for a beautiful neck, and bishop sleeves caught by sequin cuffs are the simple details. *Below:* Mink and charrreusse panne velvet glow in Autumn colors in a handsome negligee. Wristlet cuffs of mink peep from the full sleeves. The full skirt more than sweeps the floor. Self-cording is looped to form a sunburst motif at the closing. Sumptuous in line and fabric, typical of Joan's luxurious wardrobe.



*Ivory, Beige and
Pastels for
Joan Fontaine's
Fragile Beauty*



After-dark gown of ivory lace over an ivory satin slip. Again, a sweetheart neckline and leg o' mutton sleeves. The outline of the neck and the over-hand sleeves follows the design of the lace. Hand appliqué of tiny gold beads encrusts the belt. Lace knows no season restrictions. It is always a good year-round.

Over the lace gown, and others, Joan wears an ivory wool evening coat, featuring a collarless neckline, bell sleeves and a just-full skirt. The beautiful leaf ornamentation is heavy with gold beads and sequins. This type of coat and the full length cape promise to be Winter's favorites for the formal occasion wrap.





You will notice that Mr. Stevenson cleaves throughout to the costume lines best adapted to Joan's figure. Here, in delicate pink soufflé, we have more of the modified leg o' mutton sleeves and the lifted waistline. The girdle is hand-beaded in topaz and gold, and the cowl neckline is softly draped in sympathy with the soft skirt draping. This entire wardrobe is confined largely to pastel and muted colors.



'Way last Spring, fashion scouts could have told you that the suit would be high-lighted in Fall fashions. And the reasons are good—the tension of life, with its manifold calls on everyone's time. An excellent suit example is Joan's beige wool, with its one-shoulder stole of sable. The sable hat has a crown of beige wool and is veiled in brown. *Above:* A John Frederic's confection of natural beige with brown grosgrain bows and a wispy veil. Joan wears this with a street frock of beige with brown costume accents.



Perfection of the Permanent

AS THE days on the August calendar pass, many restive minds turn eagerly to September, ushering in the first days of Autumn. As always, this month of September is potent for many. Thousands of girls will begin their first year in college; thousands more will seek that first job; young mothers and matrons will close the Summer cottage and turn homeward to the full routine of more organized living. September thus becomes the month, somehow, of girding yourself for the fuller days ahead.

Air and sun and freer living have prob-

Do not choose your permanent haphazardly. It becomes a part of you! Here are points to remember!

By Mary Lee

ably put you in the pink of bodily health, and what you need now to put your best self forward is some grooming routine. To everyone coming back to the fuller life, I think my first words of advice would be—a good permanent and a good girdle! Especially would I say this to the college and career girls. For a long time now these girls have been struggling to free themselves of an unfortunate tradition built up in the past—unkempt hair and unrestrained figures. And let me add

that this tradition is about to become another old wives' tale. The girls of today are wide awake. They are aware that they must look the part to get or take the part. The girdle being a somewhat simple matter at the hands of a good saleswoman, let me concentrate on the permanent. For if we go haywire with any part of our anatomy, the poor head most often gets it in undue doses of frizz, kinks and dryness, because of lack of care or interest in the kind of permanent we buy. A permanent is just a Croquignole or a spiral to too many. Those words just indicate a type of curl, not a branded type of permanent.

You should buy your permanent as you would a car or a house or a rare jewel, not as you might a bargain hat. You will



Martha O'Driscoll, freshly permanently waved by the Fredericks Tru-Curl method. Martha wears an excellent daytime coiffure, a pompadour broken by a part and deep wave with soft, loose neck curls.





Martha's hair has been groomed into suave, lustrous beauty for formal evening wear. The pompadour has been elaborated, and the smooth back curls are caught with a barette.

live with your permanent rather a long time, as with the first three possessions just mentioned. You cannot throw it aside as you might the unbecoming hat. The permanent is yours for reasonable keeps, and if it is right, it can give you unlimited joy. If it is wrong, it is a daily annoyance and complete dissatisfaction.

When the new Fredericks Tru-Curl permanent was announced, this department went on a scouting mission. The pleasing result was the discovery that Tru-Curl seems to have eliminated everything we don't like about a permanent and to give everything we hope and pray for in a permanent. For instance, Tru-Curl does not dry your hair. I looked over an assortment of heads for this truth. There was a case of badly overbleached hair; a case of soft, baby-like blonde hair; a case of hair liberally sprinkled with grey, which may, without adept care, turn a discouraging yellow. There was even a natural platinum head on a young woman—in this case, a natural albino, where there is no coloring pigment in the hair and it is snowy white. And of course there was the run-of-the-mill in nice brown, blacks and blondes. The curl in every case was soft, natural-looking, undried and very manageable and yet tight and definitely long lasting.

The secret of the success of the Fred-

ericks Tru-Curl permanent seems to be the elimination of harsh metallic salts in the waving preparations. The lotion used for making your curls is free of such salts. Besides, there is none of that obnoxious odor, sometimes sickening to the sensitive and high-strung, and there is no stretching and pulling of your hair. The actual steaming or curling time may take from four and one-half to nine minutes, according to your type. Right before your own eyes, you see the pristine, untouched package of pads that will be used on your curls—and on *your* curls, only. This I might add, is one important point in your perfect permanent—laboratory-fresh pads for *your* hair alone!

In spite of words, I have always believed that seeing is, indeed, a more convincing proof of anything. And so I asked lovely Martha O'Driscoll, now appearing in Cecil B. De Mille's "Reap the Wild Wind," if she would like to try a Fredericks Tru-Curl. Martha went to Mrs. Frederickson's salon on Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood, and in these pages you will see the result. The same coiffure has been arranged in a pompadour and chignon of curls for evening wear, then combed into a simpler pompadour and soft, natural end curls for business, school or other daily wear. In addition to the soft lustrous curls that you can see for yourself, the

coiffure is so adaptable to many arrangements needing curls about the front, sides and ends, with the back hair smooth. A star's hair is precious and important. For that matter, everyone's hair is precious and important, a part of you that you cannot discard simply because you do not like it as it is. It is for this reason, first of all, that I urge the utmost in care in the choice of your permanent. For permanent it is indeed—certainly for months to come. It is well to remember, in this special instance, that you will get just about what you pay for. A cut-rate permanent is just that. Something is cut somewhere along the line, and you cannot expect perfection.

With a good permanent adapted to your needs, you should, say, after two professional settings, be able to handle it beautifully, yourself. Your hairdresser will take pains to show you ways of brushing and combing to make your hair go as it should. Those with natural curls know that, in many cases, they can train their hair to go this way or that, to curl here, to wave there, and so it is with a good permanent. Handling it the right way will do much to accent and preserve its loveliest design. Recently, a hairdresser showed me one little trick that is invaluable in resetting your own permanent—and that is to grasp a strand of hair at the very ends, in case you are resetting by curlers or even by hand. If you grasp the hair above the ends, you create a "hook," a short length of hair that curls the wrong way, and this can

[Continued on page 97]



"Fans aren't only interested in trivial gossip," claims Jeanette MacDonald, now making "Smilin' Thru," with her hubby Gene Raymond.

I ASKED Jeanette MacDonald if those long, tedious, trying concert tours are worth all they take out of a person. Jeanette thinks they are. She says there's nothing comparable to them in finding out what the public wants and what it thinks of you. Says Miss MacDonald:

"Concert tours are hard work, but they are indispensable in learning just what motion picture fans want in the way of entertainment. Fans aren't only interested in trivial gossip, they are eager to see motion picture personalities and eager to obtain autographs, to be sure, but they are also eager to offer suggestions—to let the actor or actress know what they want.

"Smilin' Through" is the direct result of the most popular question put to me on all three of my concert tours. 'Why don't you and Gene Raymond make a picture together?' That was what everyone wanted to know.

"So, Mr. Raymond and I are making a picture together, 'Smilin' Through.' We play sweethearts in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, one of the world's immortal love stories. Now I am eager to know what the most popular question will be

on my next tour."

I don't know about "Smilin' Through" being an "immortal love story," but it has its charm and its sentimental appeal. Can husband and wife paint a celluloid picture of throbbing, burning, expectant young romance? I wonder.

After "Smilin' Through" I'm wondering, too, what question will avalanche Jeanette on her next concert tour. In brief, what the little old public reaction will be.

MAYBE you assume that Clark Gable is one of those lucky actors in that he always seems to get good roles. I suspected a method to it all. Clark works hard to get them—and then works hard with them. Of course, he has the advantage of a strong personality. With half a chance, his role assumes proportions of charm and force it probably never had on paper. But drawing on that personality too often is dynamite. Let me quote Gable:

"What's the most important thing a star can do to hold his popularity? That's easy. Just see to it that he has the good fortune to land strong roles in strong pictures.

"Believe me, the story's the thing in

Charles Laughton, pictured with his wife, Elsa Lancaster, declares, "In the first place, a screen actor has no audience to whom he must devote his attention. He can devote himself entirely to the role." Do you agree?

Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

the movies. The greatest actor in Hollywood could look like vaudeville's biggest ham if put in a poor picture. Given a good film, an actor can climb to the top, and stay there as long as equally strong roles are forthcoming.

"When a player's stories begin to slip, it's a sure sign that his pictures are going to do likewise. And that means that his popularity will soon do a nosedive, too.

"Many are the stars who have had the bad luck to hit a string of poor pictures. The end of their careers immediately is predicted, as their popularity dwindles. Sometimes the player can rise from such a fall, with a sudden shift to good stories, and sometimes the string of bad ones has lost him his following permanently.

"If there's anything more important to an actor's success than his story, you name it. I can't imagine it."

Ain't it the truth, Clark. And maybe this comment ought to be pasted up in every Hollywood star's dressing room. No star is greater than the story in which he appears. When stars start to think differently, oblivion is just around the corner.

The trick, of course, is to find and get into the outstanding stories. Only about twenty emerge from Hollywood each year,

out of a total of some six hundred and fifty films.

I KEEP asking stars which is harder, comedy or drama. Maybe I'm a trifle morbid on the subject. But I always have subscribed to the theory that serious drama is a whole lot easier to do than comedy, and I keep trying to prove it. This month I took my question to probably the best authority on both in all Hollywood. I mean William Powell, who can handle either of them neatly. Moreover, he is one of Hollywood's few successful light comedians. Says Bill—

"Which is tougher—comedy or drama? Comedy, by long odds. Drama sets up a certain, definite premise. Establish your characters, get 'em in trouble, get 'em out again. That's the dramatic formula. The story itself carries the responsibility for interest.

"All is different with comedy. You seldom have a plot strong enough in itself to sustain interest. The entertainment value springs from the situations that unfold en route—and the manner of telling. So much depends upon the dialogue, the gags, the wise cracks. A successful comedy requires you to be continuously funny in a rapid succession of incidents. Yes, it's a lot harder to make good comedies than good dramas.

"Then, too, there's the matter of timing. It has to be exactly and sharply right to a hair line—and yet there's no way of gaging it in advance. To make it even more complicated, no two audiences react alike."

Many times a Hollywood star will say one thing and yet inwardly mean another, so let's do a bit of probing

Bill went on to pay tribute to Myrna Loy, who is his favorite co-star in comedy. "Did you ever pause to think that Myrna has less than half the film footage given me in most of our comedies?" is the way Bill puts it. "Yet she gets over easily and strongly—and shades me all the way." Which is nice of Bill. And also diplomatic, but then the Powell-Loy combination is a smooth one, anyway.

CHARLES LAUGHTON is one of those vigorous, vivid actors whose work always is provocative. He has a number of excellent performances to his credit—and he'll probably have a lot more. Remember his Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty?" The odd combination of Laughton and Deanna Durbin in "Almost An Angel," now being shot at Universal, ought to be interesting, to say the least. I asked Laughton which he preferred, the stage or the screen. Laughton took me to task immediately. "There's no answer an actor can make to that query," he said with finality. And went on—

"I prefer acting.

"The screen is the finer medium for an actor who essays a definite characterization. In the first place, a screen actor

has no audience to whom he must devote his attention. He can devote himself entirely to the role.

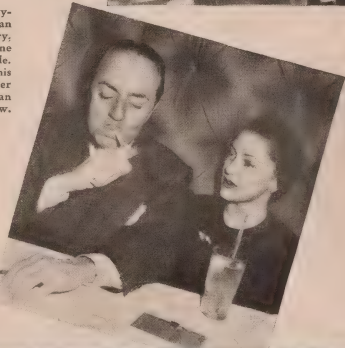
"With re-takes, a screen actor is able to repeat himself, so to speak, until he arrives at the most perfect characterization of which he is capable. This, of course, is impossible on the stage."

That angle about not having an audience demanding personal attention is an interesting one. I've often wondered what a stage player did about his performance when, for instance, the audience out front started to cough and grow restless. Not every actor has the nerve of a Richard Bennett or a John Barrymore, who used to step audaciously out of character and offer the audience cough-drops. Along with a bitter address on politeness.

LUCILLE BALL is one of Hollywood's pleasant young actresses who does her roles adequately enough, who has an ingratiating personality, wears clothes smartly. So I was a little surprised when she took me up seriously on the question: What is the most important thing for a young screen actress to keep in mind when she is before the cameras? Here's Lucille's reply: [Continued on page 97]

Upper right: "If there's anything more important to an actor's success than his story, you name it. I can't imagine it," contends Clark Gable. Right: Bill Powell, with his wife, says, "Yes, it's harder to make good comedies than good dramas." Heshouldknow.

Lucille Ball, appearing with Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen in "You'll Never Get Rich," states that when she appears before a camera the first thing she does is try to forget that she is Lucille Ball and concentrate solely on the particular character she's portraying in the film.



Reviews

Direct From
Hollywood

MAN HUNT

FOR THE TOP OF YOUR LIST—20th Century-Fox

THIS is one of the most thrilling war melodramas that has come our way, and decidedly one of the best "chase" pictures of the year. Directed by the very capable Fritz Lang it is characterized by tension and suspense. Walter Pidgeon, who has all the ladies swooning with amour, plays an English big game hunter, who decides to stalk Hitler just as he would a lion in the jungle. Naturally, he gets himself in a mess with the Nazis when the Nazi guard discovers him drawing a bead on their pet. He is taken before the Gestapo, pushed off a cliff, left to die, and finally manages to find refuge on a Danish boat bound for England. Back in London the chase starts in dead earnest when the Nazi agents arrive to track down their unfortunate victim. A harrowing highlight is an electrocution in a subway. Plenty of excitement in this one. Joan Bennett, giving out with one of her best performances plays a little cockney street walker who unselfishly rescues and protects the hunted Englishman. George Sanders has another of his wonderful "menace" roles and plays a sinister, but attractive, Gestapo agent with John Carradine as his deadly assistant. Young Roddy McDowell makes his American debut as the cabin boy on the Danish boat, Heather Thatcher and Frederick Worlock are cast as the Englishman's aristocratic friends. The ending

is unusual—and you'll like it.

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

BOMBARDMENT OF LAUGHS—Paramount

BOB HOPE has never been so good as he is in this picture, and as he has been good for a long time now that's saying a Martha Raye mouthful. Bob plays a cocky movie actor, one of the Glamour Boys, who just can't stand the sound of gun shots, even on stage 0 where he is making a war picture. But he falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, a visitor on the set one day, who just happens to be the daughter of a Colonel of a nearby camp. The way Bob gets "caught in the draft" is a riot, and will have you screaming with laughter. To prove to Dottie that he isn't a heel he has an extra dressed up as a sergeant and fakes his registration—but it seems it wasn't the extra after all, it was the real McCoy sergeant, and Bob's in the Army. The rest of the picture has to do with Bob's side-splitting experiences as a rookie, his run-ins with the irate Colonel, and his attempts at making love to Dottie. To be sure, he becomes a real hero in the end, and everybody is happy. In his comedy cut-ups Bob is ably assisted by Lynne Overman, his agent, and Eddie Bracken, his valet, who join the Army with him, and do their share of potato peeling. High-spot in the picture is their wild ride cross country in a tank. Lotsa fun, this. In fact, it securely establishes Bob as the screen's No. 1 comic.



Eddie Albert and Ida Lupino clinging to each other in a romantic bit from "Out Of The Fog," also featuring John Garfield and Thomas Mitchell.

OUT OF THE FOG

CLEARING UP A RACKET — Warner Brothers

BACK to the racketeers goes this one. Adapted from Irwin Shaw's "The Gentle People," a Broadway success of three years ago, the picture tells the story of some under-dog folk over in Brooklyn who get taken by a smarty-pants, two-bit racketeer. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen are a couple of "gentle people," a hash-house chef and a tailor, whose greatest pleasure in life is to fish after work in Sheephead Bay. Along comes this two-bit gangster, played by John Garfield, who charges them five bucks a week for the privilege of fishing in a free ocean. Then John proceeds to fall for Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino, and puts ideas in her head about night clubs, champagne, and Caribbean cruises. In desperation, the fishermen plan to murder the repulsive Mr. Garfield, but he saves them the trouble by falling overboard. Ida returns to her "regular," Eddie Albert, and everybody's happy.

MOON OVER MIAMI

STAR STUDDED SPECTACLE—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S a streamlined musical, in marvelous Technicolor, which is just what a musical should be. A real honey, this one. Miss Betty Grable has more verve and sparkle than a magnum of champagne, and proves that she can out-dance the best of them, and looks like a million dollars in Technicolor. Next to Betty, young Bob Cummings has a chance to shine, and will you girls go mad over Bob! Carole Landis is swell, too, and so are Don Ameche, Charlotte Greenwood, and Jack Haley. Cobina Wright, Jr., in for a small part, shows all

Vera Yunger, Robert Benchley and Frances Gifford in a scene from "The Reluctant Dragon," which combines live action and animation.





Betty Grable twirling around with Hermes Pan in a musical number from "Moon Over Miami," in which Don Ameche and Carole Landis also appear.



Walter Pidgeon devotedly embraces Joan Bennett in a tender moment in exciting "Man Hunt."

the signs of being a star in the very near future. The story's about two sister carhops down in a Texas drive-in, who fall heir to a small legacy, just enough to get them to Miami where they have hopes of snaring a rich husband for Betty. Carole poses as her secretary, and Charlotte Greenwood, she of those remarkable legs, deserts her drive-in kitchen to pose as chaperone and aunt. Millionaires appear, all right, including Messieurs Cummings and Ameche. Well, you know the rest—Don isn't a millionaire after all, but Betty loves him anyway. The city of Miami comes in for the spotlight, too, and in Technicolor is almost as pretty as Betty Grable. The Condos Brothers do a sensational dance routine. The hit tunes are "Miami," "I've Got You All to Myself," and "You Started Something." Singing and dancing and fun.

THE BIG STORE

BARGAINS IN GAGS—M-G-M

IF YOU like the Marx Brothers, and even if you don't like the Marx Brothers, you should see their latest picture—it's decidedly one of their funniest and bound to be a box-office hit. There's nothing artistic about it for which heaven be praised, for it's just good old slambang comedy, loud and funny, guaranteed not to bore you for a moment. This time the mad Marxes are turned loose in a big department store where they are hired to protect the life of one of the owners. You can well imagine what fun Groucho, Harpo, and Chico can have in a department store—the gags come so fast and

furiously that you have to do nip-ups to keep up with them. In between gags Tony Martin does some song numbers and falls in love with pretty Virginia Grey. Virginia O'Brien does her deadpan rendition of "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," and the Six Hits and a Miss go into a couple of swing songs. Highlights of the picture, as usual in Marx Brothers pictures, are when Harpo plays the harp, and Chico turns out a rumba on the piano. The best

song number is "Sing While You Sell," with Groucho on the loose. They say this is the last Marx Brothers picture. Here's hoping it isn't.

TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM

MELODY MARATHON—Columbia

HERE'S a fast musical show—with so many bands and comedians in it that it becomes a bargain that you can't afford to miss. Take a gander at the line up: Glen Gray and His Casa Loma Band, Eddie Durant's Rumba Band, the Six Hits and a Miss, the Three Stooges, Brenda and Cobina, and Allen

[Continued on page 95]



"Throw him in jail," shouts Brian Donlevy as he hands over Bob Taylor to Sheriff Cy Kendall in the colorful western, "Billy The Kid."

JUDY GARLAND'S ENGAGEMENT PARTY

The affair, announcing Judy's engagement to Dave Rose, musical conductor and composer, is attended by many screen stars



Right: Judy and Dave cut their gardenia-festooned engagement cake. The reception was held at Judy's home on Stone Canyon Road in Los Angeles. They intend to marry as soon as possible.

Left: Among the celebrated guests was Joan Crawford, seen hugging Judy and wishing her every possible happiness. Joan gave Judy many a helpful pointer during her early screen days.



Left: Jackie Cooper takes a stroll around the grounds of Judy's home with Joan Crawford and Ann Sothorn. It won't be surprising if Jackie and Bonita Granville are the next Hollywoodites to announce their engagement. It seems to be the year for young stars.

Below: Dorothy Stewart, her brother, Private Jimmy Stewart, Judy and George Murphy. Notice how similar are the smiles of Jimmy and his sister. Friends and fans, alike, tried to discourage Judy of planning to marry while still so young, but to no avail.



Judy seems to be saying, "It's simply lovely—but you shouldn't have done it!" as she opens a gift from Tony Martin and Lana Turner. The little girl is Judy's niece who also is called Judy.

Judy shows her ring to John Payne and his wife, Anne Shirley, who were newlyweds not so long ago. Dave Rose, incidentally, conducts the orchestra on the popular Tony Martin radio program.



Below: Canapes claim the attention of Patti McCarty, Judy and Dave. Other guests at the party included starlets Sheila Ryan and Donna Reed and handsome Robert Sterling. Many non-professionals were present.



Left: Jackie Cooper hugs his sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and Judy, as he and Bonita offer their best wishes to Judy, who doesn't expect marriage to interfere with her film career.



Right: Private Jimmy Stewart admiring Judy's engagement ring. Judy kidded him about still being a bachelor and wondered when he'd be altar-bound. He couldn't answer that question.



Left: Jane Russell with her boy friend, Bob Waterfield, at Catalina Island. In background is Jack Beutel (who co-stars with Jane in "The Outlaw") and his girl friend from Texas, Seratha Brown. Below: Jeanette MacDonald takes a swim every morning at six. Her next film is "Smilin' Through."



Topics For Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

Margery designs whimsical things—like a tiny gold hand on a clip; night-and-day earrings, which are worn with one "face" out for daytime, and the other for evening. Rosalind Russell bought those. Then there's Joan Bennett's "engaged-seven-days-a-week-ring"—seven tiny gold bands joined by two hearts, a present from hus-

band Walter Wanger. And there's Ann Sothern's iron bracelet, a wide band of it combined with gold and the jeweled charms from her once precious charm bracelet, set into the dull black iron; and Margaret Sullivan is every bit as excited about the piece Margery did for her—a gold heart ring, studded with garnets, which opens like an old-fashioned locket and contains the pictures of husband Leland Hayward and the new baby.

Human interest story of the month (from Louella's column): At exactly the stroke of midnight, June 7, an enormous wreath of gardenias was placed on Jean Harlow's foot-and-handprint stone in the famous autograph court at Grauman's

Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. The card read: "To Jean—forever" and it was signed "Memphis W." Seems that years ago Jean befriended a young newsboy on Hollywood Boulevard who was well known to all the movie folk as "Memphis." But one night (it was June 7th) he didn't show up at his regular corner. He was very ill and needed medical care immediately—but the only person who thought to investigate and find out why Memphis was missing was Jean. She saw to it that his rent and doctor bills were paid all the while he was sick. He has never forgotten.

The soldiers who were called in to help end the strike at the North American Avia-



Left: Bette Davis in a joking mood entertains Director Bill Wyler and Dan Duryea on "Little Foxes" set. Above: Marlene Dietrich prepares for a scene in which she is all dripping wet in "Manpower."



Left: Rudy Vallee, currently in "Time Out For Rhythm," serenades Carmen Miranda as John Barrymore looks on soulfully. She was on their radio program. John has just completed "World Premiere" for Paramount.

tion plant out in Inglewood, near Hollywood, feel definitely cheated. They feel that they should have been called in two months ago to force Ann Sheridan to return to her job at Warner Brothers, and Hedy Lamarr back to Metro.

Wayne Morris is very proud of his commission in the Naval Reserves and when he finishes his picture at Warner Brothers in a few weeks he'll check in with Uncle Sam as Ensign Morris.

Marlene Dietrich is a smart girl—and don't let anybody tell you differently. Two years ago the MPTOA (Motion Picture Theater Owners of America), the exhibitors to you, called Marlene (along with several of the other Glamour Girls) "poison at the box office." So what does Marlene do? Well, when the MPTOA met in Hollywood a few weeks ago Marlene, all done up like a dream, attended the dinner given them by Warner Brothers. She was the first to arrive and the last to leave—and she had those hard-boiled exhibitors eating right out of her pretty little pink paws. Now they're so, so, so sorry they ever called her "poison." Other stars should be as smart as Marlene Dietrich.

Carole Landis, who plays the field, has been stepping out at the Bar of Music this month with her former flame, Kenny Morgan.

Frances Gladwin, "Ziegfeld" beauty, displays some of the reasons she's considered a good screen prospect.

Beautiful Marion Martin dancing at Ciro's with Ivan, the mechanical man, who appears with Mischa Auer in the comedy, "Cracked Nuts." Ivan looks very much like Mischa, but doesn't rhumba half as well.





Above: Voluptuous Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea in a scene from "Sullivan's Travels," herewith described. Below: Clark Gable and Albert Dekker in an amusing sequence from "Honky Tonk," also fully described for you. Lana Turner is in this film, too.



PICTURES ON THE FIRE

[Continued from page 17]

would sit up until 2:00 and 3:00 in the morning playing backgammon, and always ending up even, which is a tribute to Connie's generosity, because she is an excellent player and I am one of the world's worst. And now she's married to Gilbert Roland, who is a helluva nice fellow.

* * *

NEXT we come to "Dive Bomber," co-starring Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray, with Ralph Bellamy, Regis Toomey and Allen Jenkins very prominently present.

This scene I watch is between the two stars. Fred and Errol are in a training plane, Fred as instructor. As they come out of a bad spin he speaks into the gosport to Errol: "Of all the students I have to check, you're about the worst,

Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth as you'll see them in "You'll Never Get Rich." Rita's role gives her a chance to return to her dancing of which she's done little since leaving the dance world for a film career in Hollywood.

Dr. Lee. If we weren't officers and gentlemen, I'd say 'You stink' . . . To make a quick recovery put that stick forward! Try it again."

Errol is fit to be tied. This time he really throws the plane into a deadly spin. Fred manages to pull it out just as it nears the ground and they swoop up. After landing, Fred gets out of the plane and looks at Errol.

"Are you trying to fly—or combine suicide and murder?" he inquires in disgust.

"Murder would be a pleasure," Errol retorts. "You told me to put the stick forward which I did."

"Sure—right through the instrument board," Fred comes back. "Don't use that light surgical touch on me, Doctor," he continues sarcastically. "I want to collect my old age pension."

"Don't worry, Commander," Errol

counters. "You'll probably be a burden on the taxpayers for many years."

"You're no better at flying than you are with a knife," he remarks with level contempt as he walks away.

Well, there, my friends, is what I call dialogue—neat, but not gaudy. Just a few terse, well chosen remarks.

* * *

NEXT comes "Navy Blues" which brings back Martha Raye (although why, I can't see) in company with Jack Oakie, Jack Haley and Ann Sheridan.

Martha and Ann sing and dance in a Honolulu night club. The two Jacks are slap-happy gobs attached to the battleship Montana which is in Honolulu. Haley married Martha in San Diego and then, to be free of her, had her tossed into jail as an international spy until his boat cleared port. Of course, the first place they hit in Honolulu is the club where the girls work. They are just leaving when Martha spots them.

"Why, Lilibelle," Haley stutters, "what are you doin' here?"

"I work here," she hisses in quiet fury.

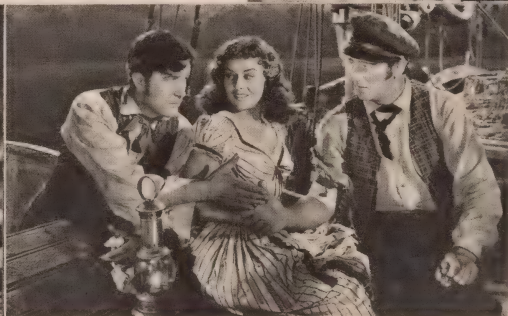
SILVER SCREEN



Above: James Stephenson, Ronald Reagan and William Lundigan in the forthcoming "Flight Patrol," another thriller of the air from Warners who've just released "Dive Bomber," with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray. But the stories are vastly different.



Right: Jeffrey Lynn and Constance Bennett in "Law of the Tropics," with Constance about to slap Jeff's face. **Below:** A scene you'll be seeing in "Reap The Wild Wind," with Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard and John Wayne. This scene was filmed on location.



"and what's more I'm goin' right to work on you two double-crossing—" she picks up a bottle and advances towards them. Luckily for the boys (?) the orchestra starts her number. But Martha is not one to be put off so she grabs them by the arms forcing them to join her in the number. At the end of the song they jerk loose, dash into the corridor and duck through a door to escape. The door leads into Ann's dressing room and she is just slipping into a costume.

"The show's outside, boys," she tells them, just as the door bursts open a second time and Martha bursts in.

"You're not going to get away from me this time!" she screeches.

"I find this brawl very distasteful," Oakie observes loftily. "Pardon the intrusion, Miss," to Annie.

After the director calls "Cut!" I shake hands with Annie. It's nice to see her back on the lot again. "Yes, but what chance have I in a picture with all these comics?" she asks wryly. "The only thing left for me is to start doing a strip tease when the scene gets going."

"Yeah," Martha cracks, "and what will

the audience do when they see the picture—listen or look?" * * *

THE last picture on the lot is "The Flight Patrol," with Ronald Reagan, Olympe Bradna, James Stephenson, William Lundigan, Reginald Denny and Cliff Edwards, but it's on location so I can't tell you about it.

But I can tell you what's doing at—

20th Century-Fox

THERE are a flock of pictures shooting here but (a merciful Providence watching over me) they are all on location except two—"Belle Starr" and "Wild Geese Calling."

The former co-stars Randolph Scott and Gene Tierney, and this scene is near the end of the picture, where they are in a cave and Gene is trying to get Randy (her husband) to give up the guerilla life he is leading. Her brother has just been killed.

"Sam!" she pleads in a sudden, frenzied decision, "we've got to quit! Now! This very minute! We've got to go back—give ourselves up—no matter what happens.

We've got to show them that we—Sam!" "It's too late," he replies.

There is more talk between them, then she says with quiet force, "I told you I was quitting. Come with me. Please!"

"Stop talking crazy," he yells harshly. "You're my wife! You're going to stay right here."

He reaches out for her, but she steps back. Slowly she takes off her wedding ring and places it in his hand. "I couldn't wear this—not as long as we don't think and feel alike," she tells him. He looks down at the ring—then at her. Slowly she turns and starts away.

Randy is all excited about his role in this picture and Gene is all excited about her role AND her marriage. So I gab with them a few minutes, then betake myself next door where—

* * *

"WILD GEESSE CALLING" is shooting. This co-stars Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda. This picture, too, is nearing its close. What a story! It's laid in Alaska. Joan and Hank are married. Joan has had quite a past and Hank's

[Continued on page 98]

LONGING LIPS

If you've been yearning for romantic scenes you'll find a fascinating assortment of them in the films now showing

Left: Good-looking Robert Cummings seems most intense as he bends over to kiss the proffered lips of gorgeous Carole Landis in this romantic scene in "Moon Over Miami," which stars Betty Grable and Don Ameche.

Below: Dennis Morgan, slated to be one of the screen's most popular lovers, is a bit disheveled, it seems, as he kisses Jane Wyatt in "Kisses for Breakfast."

Some of the most sensational love scenes ever to be filmed are to be found in "Blood And Sand," in which Tyrone Power is led astray by the temptress, Rita Hayworth. However, it's demure Linda Darnell who finally captures his heart.

SILVER SCREEN



It may only be a comedy scene, but Barbara Pepper puts plenty of just that into it as she makes feverish love to Bill Orr in Warners' "Three Sons O'Guns."



Priscilla Lane snuggles longingly into the firm embrace of Jeffrey Lynn for an impassioned moment in "Million Dollar Baby."

Right: Anna Lee, as Ronald Colman's wife in "My Life With Caroline," imagines herself falling in love with every man she meets. Gilbert Roland is one of them. *Below:* Dennis O'Keefe and Marjorie Woodworth in a cinematic clinch in "Broadway Limited."



If He Lived Next Door

[Continued from page 27]

was Fred's favorite scene, where he stands out on Madeleine Carroll's balcony. He woos her with the "love chatter" of a wild Teal. Madeleine goes for it. But for personal and private petting, Fred says: "I don't think it would be quite so lucky."

Speaking of things personal and private, Lily and Fred MacMurray have a definite design for living. Their eight-room house is authentic early American. Unlike other movie manors, theirs doesn't make them feel like fugitives from an interior decorator. Every piece of bric-a-brac, every stick of furniture they collected and selected from all parts of this country. Antique ash trays are used. Ruby glass vases choked with flowers over-run the house. There are old oil burners, wonderful collections of miniature silver. Cushions can be piled on the floor—which they often are when Fred wants to relax in front of the fireplace. Prominently displayed in the library is the glass case holding Fred's collection of guns. These are American, too. But *not* of an earlier period.

When they first discovered their lot, it was then a florist's nursery. Fred whipped out a down payment. He bought the towering trees, the flowering plants, all the thick rich foliage. A space was cleared in the middle. Right in the heart of nature's beauty their home was built. Besides the proud owners, intimate members of the household include little Susan MacMurray, Jack MacMurray (*English Setter*), Penny MacMurray (*Pomeranian*), Snow-White MacMurray (*cat*), Gladys and Lorenzo, who run the finest kitchen in town. Occasionally, they are visited by a possum, who calls late at night. When Fred discovers his vegetable garden has been raided he invariably says:

"That four-footed fifth columnist was here again."

Because their romance grew right along with their income, the MacMurrays never lost their hearts and heads to success. Refreshingly enough is Fred's own admittance that he was just as happy playing the sax in "Roberta." There were no station wagons. But there was an old Graham car. Today he can order a Cadillac by picking up the phone. And pay cash. He's grateful, but not the least bit impressed.

It was during the New York run of "Roberta" when they first met. Lily's gleaming kind of beauty rated her a job as a model in the show. Nightly she made her entrance as Fred played, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." It became "their" song. No one else suspected, which made it twice as exciting. Even today their eyes instinctively meet across a crowded room when their song is played. Fred joined "Roberta" when the California Collegians discovered him playing in Warners' Hollywood Theatre pit. Just recently he finished his *second* job for Warners. This time in "Dive Bomber," as a co-star with Errol Flynn.

Those dear dead days are still a favorite topic of conversation. Nothing pleases Fred so much as sitting around his barbecue pit and reminiscing with good

friends. The group usually includes the Gables, the Ray Millands, the Claude Binyons (*he's written some of Fred's best scripts*), John Howard (*he thinks his steaks are much more glamorous than Fred's*), Waston Webb (*one of Hollywood's best cutters*), Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak (*now in England doing their bit*). When it comes to barbecuing, Fred is the big silent type. While John Howard ribs him, he goes at it as if his very life depended on the results. Up to date he's never turned out a steak that makes him beam with approval. (*Well, he wouldn't listen to John!*) Invariably, Fred will turn to Lily, as if it were all her fault. He'll exclaim:

"*Lily we used the wrong charcoal. We got the fire too hot.*"

For a six-footer (*six feet three and a half inches to be exact*) Fred is as quiet as a mouse around the house. If they don't go to a movie, he sits by the hour oiling and polishing his guns. He hums to himself while Lily knits. Occasionally, if she happens to look up quickly, she'll catch him watching her with a tender look in his eyes. He turns back to his work quickly. Says nothing. But Lily understands. At first she didn't. Fred's antipathy toward exhibitionism, people who make themselves conspicuous, turns him completely the other way.

Fred is very proud of his wife. He knows she is rated as one of the most stunning beauties in Hollywood. But somehow it embarrasses him to put his appreciation into words. One evening when he arrived home, Lily was wearing a new purple dress. She waited for him to say something. Finally, she pointed out that it was a dyed white one she had worn last summer. A look of dismay swept over Fred's face.

"But Lily," he pleaded, "that was my favorite dress. Why did you spoil it?"

Another time Lily and Mal Milland exchanged hats. Lily's was a tricky little affair with a veil that fit across the eyes like a mask. She showed Fred the Lily Dache number Mal gave her in return.

"Oh, Lily, please get your hat back," Fred begged. "I liked that one better on you than any hat you've ever worn."

It was news to Lily. She went to Mal and the two girls had a wonderful laugh over it. When Fred came in that night, practically his first words were:

"Did you get your hat back from Mal?"

Nothing pleases Fred more than to have a favorite friend drop in for dinner. He hates formality and above all, formal dinner parties. Once he found himself anchored next to one of those soap-box intellectuals. The daffy dowager raved on, swooning over everything from a hang-nail to a hurricane. Fred remained the polite and pained audience. Finally, she began ranting over grand opera—one thing that bores Fred stiff. Fixing him with a deadly stare, she cried:

"I read somewhere that you have a magn-ni-ficent voice, Mr. MacMurray."
"Tell me (*cooly*) what song do you do best?"

Fred had been a little general up to

this point. The temptation was too great. With devastating charm, he beamed back at the woman and said:

"The Good Ship Lolly Pop!"

The human and humorous side of Fred MacMurray is further expressed in some of his idiosyncrasies. For instance, he can't stand the taste of cocoanut and pineapple.

"How can anyone eat such stuff?" he asks.

Apples in fruit salad are another pet aversion. But don't ever tell him that you don't go for grated carrots. Or raisins in pudding.

"But they're so good," he says. "It's all in your mind, that's what. If you didn't have another thing in the world to eat, I'll bet you could eat raisins and grated carrots all right."

With pineapple and cocoanut—that's another story!

Regardless of how tough a day has been, Fred never comes home moody. If something goes wrong on the set, Lily hears about it eventually through someone else. Fred has worked with all the glamour gals in the business. He never tells tales on his leading ladies. Never brings home any choice bit of gossip from the set. When Lily goes out with the girls they'll dish and ask what goes on at the studio. Lily has a stock answer:

"If Fred knew that Garbo eloped with Mickey Rooney—I'd still have to read about it in the paper!"

Proving there is an attraction between opposites, Fred's favorite *femme fatale* is Carole Lombard. He'd rather play a small part with her than co-star with her contemporaries. When an agent called to offer a radio engagement, Lily explained that Fred was down in San Diego on location. She was sure he would like to do it. Perhaps another time.

"I understand," said the agent. "I'm sure we can find someone this time, to play opposite Carole Lombard."

Did he say Lombard? Lily was sure Fred would fly back if there was a chance to work with Carole. They were a wonderful audience for each other. Nothing made Fred happier than to get a laugh out of Carole. Lily was sure Fred would be terribly disappointed if he *didn't* work with Carole. *P.S.* He worked with Carole.

All his life Fred has enjoyed a poor memory and excellent health. He was tops in high school athletics. Odd jobs of every description made him fit as the proverbial fiddle. A house-to-house canvass job developed his great appreciation for sleeping. To get him up in the morning, a little dynamite helps. If Claude Binyon wants him to go duck shooting, he bounces out at the crack of dawn! For no particular reason, he is occasionally concerned with his health. Once, he passed a perfect insurance examination. Turning to Lily he said:

"Do you think it would be a good idea for me to start taking Vitamin B?"

He can never remember names and numbers. For awhile there he thought he could get by with it. He'd see a familiar face. He knew he had met the person. He'd say hello—carefully avoiding a name. If introductions were necessary, very *subtly* (*he thought*) he'd ask how to spell the name. One night he went to a *banquet*. The lady on his right looked so familiar. He knew he had known her

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for years. Finally, he turned and said:

"We've known each other for *such* a long time. But it's a very funny thing. I've never known how to spell your name."

The lady gave him an icy stare:

"S-M-I-T-H," was her answer.

Those duck hunting trips are a real delight to Fred. He loves to let his beard grow. He completely forgets he is a public figure. One time he went with Claude Binyon to the high Sierras. He met up with an old fisherman in midstream. They were having a thrilling time. Then Fred's companion began to eye him curiously. Hadn't they met somewhere before?

"Probably in Bakersfield," Fred said casually. "I hang around that town quite a bit."

In comparison to the shiftless, flamboyant Hollywood of yesterday, Fred is a shining example of its stability today. True, there will never be any tales of his champagne parties. Or wonderful expensive, expansive affairs. On his birthday the MacMurrays usually break out with one huge shindig. In the meantime, if Fred wanted he could retire right now for

life. Recently, he purchased his second apartment house. To further secure his future, he's looking for a ranch to raise citrus fruits.

A tribute to his intelligence is Fred's willingness to take advice. Bo Roos, his business manager, has wisely guided his interests. Fred has always hated to tell people to do things. Yet never objected to being told himself. Therefore, that impression that he's so easy going. So simple about it all. Up to a point this is true. But in his own quiet way he achieves the most amazing results.

Perhaps, their most difficult period came when Fred left "Roberta." Paramount brought him out to Hollywood. Fred was uncertain of his future. They had an understanding without an official engagement. Lily decided it was wiser for her to wait. Three months later she came on to California. A screen test didn't work out. Lily took a job modeling at Magnin's. Every night they'd meet in a tea room called "The Lighted Tree," on Sunset Boulevard. Their dinner cost sixty-five cents! All of which makes their success so deserving today.

One night just recently Fred walked into Lily's room. Lily was at her dressing table. They were dining with Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. In his hand Fred held a wire. For years he had dragged around an old box. Accumulated stuff included old buttons, a copy of his first song, bank stubs, express receipts, fishing tackle, his American Legion medal from Beaver Dam, Lily's old letters. Of all times Fred picked this one to dispense with his collection.

When Lily decided to join Fred in Hollywood, it was the most exciting day in her life. Dazed with happiness, she hardly knew what she was doing. She sent Fred a wire. She never thought of it again until Fred handed it to her this night. Lily read it again and roared.

"Dear Fred: Making my test WEDNESDAY. Gave my notice MONDAY. FINISHING SATURDAY. Leave this SUNDAY. Will wire my arrival TUESDAY. However it will probably be sometime THURSDAY. Love, Signed Lily."

"Tell me Lily," said Fred (*five years later*), "just what did you mean by that wire? I still don't get it!"

Hollywood Husband

[Continued from page 35]

Since the actor is emphatically an item when he swears off other women, the announcement of his engagement is news, to be tactfully handled. Said John next. "I didn't want a blast, so I sneaked out our intention to marry, let it dribble into the columns." He laughed. "No, I didn't present Anne with a convertible or a bit of mink! My only quirk was two engagement rings, from necessity. I gave her a big amethyst I wore as the stand-in until I could get a diamond that had belonged to my grandfather from a vault in Virginia."

Then rarely is an engagement to an actor, providing there are no divorces on the fire and there were none to complicate matters here, a drawn-out affair. "When we fall, we gamble on being able to take care of a wife."

His own wedding was a fair sample of what might be anticipated. It was a peaceful ceremony on a beautiful patio overlooking the ocean in picturesque Santa Barbara, a hundred miles north of Hollywood. John reserved the English cottage, at the exclusive Biltmore Hotel, for the honeymoon. He'd counted on four days free—and received a call to return to the studio the following morning instead.

"Now getting to the provocative question of whether we're concealed, I say the majority of us are less concealed but are more egotistical than the guy who's not an actor. Do you follow me? We can't be concealed, overly so, for we're painfully aware of self. Our every move is constantly on display and we're criticized every time anyone objects. Depend on it, we're conscious of our errors. There's no doubt about our being self-centered, however. We have to be because we sell personality. Anything pertaining to appearance and potential charm is vitally important to us."

"Fickleness?" John could have been a practicing psychologist, so astute is he in his analyses of why people tick as they

do. "It's a light emotion. If you're inclined to flit from person to person you won't be stabilized out here. And the opposite, likewise. Hollywood doesn't change a man in that respect from what he was."

"But, positively, an actor husband is a lot more trouble! There's forever that added factor of his public, which is always with his wife as the penalty she must pay and pay for choosing him. The average woman determines to readjust her husband. But readjust as she will, an actor's wife can never suppose she has everything under control. She's got to have a rubber stamp face with a smile on it—for his never-to-be-forgotten public, his paying patrons."

The shy, unsocial, flustered girl could never fit in, John candidly asserts. "An actor's wife can never be quite herself, not even with fellow shoppers in a store. She has to figure on being noticed, upon her every act being commented on and magnified. That's often a nuisance and it means extra energy. So she has to have an active sense of humor about Hollywood, herself, and—her husband. As a safety valve."

"Many girls would be too childishly romantic to be wives here in Hollywood. An actor's wife should understand all shades in people, be quick to remember her husband is primarily a human being. He may be bewildered, tempted. Only considerable contact with realities brings this wifely tolerance which is the elementary 'must.'"

Millions of wives can remain blissfully ignorant of their husband's work upsets. But not if he's in pictures! "One of the earliest jolts a girl gets when she starts dating an actor is learning he has to take his business with them. He's not through when he leaves the studio, and he goes there and returns at the oddest hours and is as much on call as a doctor. The wife of a Hollywood actor is severely cramped in her entertaining; she can't make or

accept dates on the assumption he'll be available—for he will never know in advance when he will be and he'll have to double-check at the last moment."

"Diplomacy must be second nature to a wife here. Everything they do socially can help or hurt his business. Personal contacts get him ahead, as much as his ability. She'll never be able to sit back and coast once he begins climbing, either. But then she will never be bored. A guy in pictures is simply between situations when he isn't in one. Don't have that first date if you can't take this as a steady diet!"

"The nerve-wracking part of Hollywood doesn't seem to penetrate to outsiders," John emphasized. "They're concerned more about the by-products and skim over the complications we can't skip in reality. Studios are factories dealing in human emotions, manufacturing them. Producers are dealing with so many board feet of emotional lumber and you bet we have to be alert to see that we don't become mixed up emotionally in what private life we have."

"Troubles are bigger, more splattery, for every Hollywood husband because so much is at stake. An actor can't blunder too frequently or he's cooked; he has to score while he can for he may never be lucky enough to maneuver another chance. Which brings me to the insecurity a Hollywood husband offers."

"Don't," warned John, "plan to marry an actor for his money. Don't even assume he'll provide security. Disregard his fancy salary. He may have brains enough to attend to details of his own business deals; I do. But he'll never be very shrewd or sensible about his earnings; it'll always be a life of hectic financial ups and downs. There isn't nearly as much income clear as most girls presume; it generally comes in irregularly, and there's an unbeatable professional overhead that's discouraging. No actor is ever set for life;

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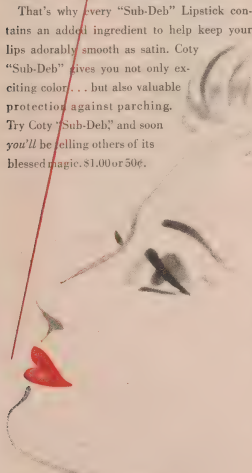
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it's not that kind of a ladder. A girl can enjoy his impulsive luxuries, but she'll have to balance them with finagling and there's no use attempting to make him over.

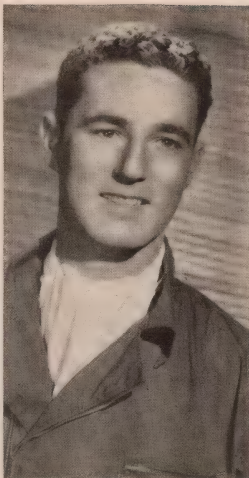
"To cinch his secondary interest in money he may even, like me, claim that the average terrific desire for security is a bad thing for an actor. I've noticed that the actors who've been most exciting have been mercurial, unpredictable. When actors grow too prosperous they become dull. Riches cramp, formalize them. Actors want to remain young, and so they ought to remain volatile. Personally, I don't want a sure, set style of living because that well-defined, stat attitude towards life would mean a static personality. I don't worry, for a reason. Looking back seems unprogressive, futile, a mental indigestion. Dreaming too much strikes me as equally dangerous. When you get what you dream will make you happy you're fearing you'll lose it. You crystallize into a cautious old man. Living spontaneously, each day to its hilt, is exhilarating. And awfully disconcerting to some women.

"The inevitable decline, when a movie star will have to switch jobs, looms ever vaguely in the distance. A wife here has to be ready to share that problem with him. I'm studying directing every opportunity I get, as an ace up my sleeve comes that fatal period."

Though romantic rules are poured out of Hollywood, a movie star doesn't want his wife to self-consciously work at marriage. "I don't 'work' at love; Anne and I don't have pet theories by which we carefully abide. If, when you marry, you're visualizing a little gray house together at seventy, that Molly-and-me stuff, you're straining to be too set, emotionally. Of course, we do for each other every day, but with me it's what is happening today that counts. A Hollywood wife must rely on herself, not on any conventional pressure and promises, to make her marriage last. That's tough!

"You can't pull an explanation out of an actor, order him around. That's bad theory anywhere; anyone hates and resents having to explain. If he won't confess, forget it! Difficult, but a desirable trait. A wife can get around an actor by kidding him, incidentally, in place of bawling him out. Moody as most guys in this game are, they react amazingly to jollying."

An actor won't stage a big scene over minor matters. John might be unusual in this; he'll do anything to preserve harmony. But he thinks it's a general, if unanticipated, trait. Nor will a movie male be a Constant Romeo. "When a man's had to feel sad all day, for his director, he can't be sadder to please his wife. He is liable to have to smile all day; by night his lips may go into a faint snarl if he's pestered. If he's exhausted from tiring sequences, he can't be amorous. Perhaps," chuckled John, "he'll forget to stop dramatizing himself because he hasn't heard someone shout, 'Cut!' I recall spending a whole day on a huge dining-hall set. I ordered butlers about endlessly, was up to my ears in imitation caviar and champagne. I caught myself topping my day's performance that evening with our houseboy and maid. Such a dramatic hangover—! Anne patiently let me go on. When I ran down, she



Republic Pictures has just put Howard Hughes under contract. Not the famed producer, but a handsome actor by the same legal name who stands well over six feet. Like his namesake, Howard is crazy about flying.

grinned and muttered, 'You were cute, honey.' Cute, my eye!

"We actor husbands are invariably late, but I've never encountered a woman in Hollywood who was on time so nobody could mind that. We don't give importance to the little things; we react and forget 'em—which can puzzle a dutiful wife. We're death on any party we don't relish; I don't hesitate to just get up and drag Anne away with a minimum of alibi. It's not polite, but it eliminates unnecessary pain.

"There isn't much to fear from our leading ladies. Not really. We may be cast opposite a blonde party who has veiled lashes an inch long, but in most instances she's cheerfully concentrating on getting her face and our backs to the camera.

"A star husband is the boss of the family, because he's male and his studio's demands come first. Still, he's an outlet for a wife's urge to be emotional. He likes to be petted like a puppy, made over. He's usually the confused one of the two, so she can guide—if not blueprint—him.

"He's not to be held by sex alone. A clever wife out here knows being fun will take her farthest. She'll never moan she hasn't a thing to wear; he'll want her to seem glamorous to uphold his reputation. He'll be more experienced, I suspect... and if he's a right guy he'll never duck out in the clutches. That's the truth about a Hollywood husband, sincerely..."

John Payne, from Virginia, suh, via Columbia University, wonders if there are any more pertinent questions?

My Sisters and I

[Continued from page 36]

she'll be stopped in a hurry."

Mr. Hawks is as right as aces back to time. Especially if past performances count for anything.

She was two when she made her debut. The town was Detroit and the place was an auditorium where a kiddie extravaganza was being reeled off. Two of Joan's sisters, Betty, 5, and Mary, 7, were to do a couple of numbers. Their line was clog dancing.

Well, folks, the show was almost through when the master of ceremonies yelled for a certain wee Miss Gray who, so he informed the crowd, would come out and sing "You've Got Me Picking Petals Off the Daisies." Imagine his surprise when Joan ankled onto the stage, made an announcement to the effect that "the other girl is sick" and began singing "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella." The crowd roared. The emcee chuckled. And the astonished impresario handed Joan a couple of bucks for her pains plus his everlasting gratitude.

That performance settled two things: first, a two-sister act was to undergo alterations and become a trio; secondly, the price for the act was going up.

At home that night the girls' father heard the news with mixed doubt and delight—doubt at the effectiveness of a two-year-old, delight at the prospects of a twosome turning trio.

To begin with his name wasn't Leslie. It is Brodel, not to mention Irish. Brodel pere had worked as a teller in the Peoples Wayne County Bank for twenty years when he got laid off. The family wasn't exactly starving when Mary and Betty, who had been clog dancing from the time they were three, asked their mother why they couldn't go professional and do a little performing for money. There were clubs that were hiring little girls like them. They had seen them with their own eyes. Momma Brodel thought it over and more to please them than out of any far-fetched hope that anything would come of it took them to one of the agencies that hired talent for the kiddie circuit—Lions, Elks, Masons, etc. The kids were doing all right for themselves when sister Joan went trucking out to sing "Let a Smile, etc."

By the time Joan was five, the act was doing fine. The agents were demanding and getting fifteen dollars for the act and occasionally as much as \$20. Clog dancing gave way to tap dancing. In addition the girls turned instrumentalists. Mary tooted a sax. Betty plunked a banjo. And Joan squeezed melodies out of an accordion.

Four more years and the girls had practically become inaccessible to the Lions, the Elks, and the rest of the lodge boys. Their fee was scandalous: thirty-five dollars was their asking price, although on occasions they would take \$30 from the Elks for old times' sake. By this time they were professional indeed. Their costumes were changed every second year (or as often as one girl outgrew hers and burst out of it like a butterfly from a cocoon) and they had new routines set

"I don't care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



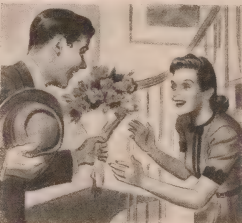
1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

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Joan Leslie at the beach, not far from her bungalow at Toluca Lake.

every eighteen months or so. Both of these cost money.

Especially an experience with a colored gentleman who, you have it on the word of all three Brodels, was a dancing genius. He was a teacher in excellent standing in Detroit when they went to him and asked if he wouldn't teach them some classy dance numbers. "Ultra modern" they told him. He said he could at so much a lesson. "So much," by the way, was pretty high. So high that before they had mastered the new routines the girls ran out of money. At which point sister Mary had a hot idea. Why not leave the musical instruments as security with the dark dervish? When they broached the matter to him promising that if he kept on teaching them they'd pay him quick as they got the money, he said it would be quite all right.

Three days later when they returned for another lesson, the titan of tap was out. They waited all afternoon. Just about dinner time they got word he had skipped town with the following Brodel loot:

- A. King saxophone, just about paid for, too, \$125
- B. Paramount banjo, \$85
- C. Italian accordion, \$110

The loss was felt keenest of all by Joan. Mary never liked tooting a saxophone to start with and Betty thought the banjo was sappy. But Joan—she liked that Italian accordion.

Well, they licked their wounds in silence and tackled their job harder than ever. By the time Joan was 12 (*Betty, 15, and Mary, 17*) they had played two-thirds of the theatres in Detroit. After that they began making treks to houses in neighboring cities like Flint, Toledo, and Lansing.

The big event in their lives, understandably enough, was when they decided to go international. It was comparatively simple. You crossed a bridge and you were in Windsor, Canada.

At this stage Momma Brodel was functioning as manager of the troupe. Momma Brodel is a pretty shrewd woman, but even at that she was gyped pretty often. Mostly by chiselers who would tell her, during negotiations: "But they're kids. We're taking a chance with the labor laws."

They toured all of Canada, they did. The act opened with Betty and Mary doing two-point harmony. After that they would do a hot, very ultra, modern dance number, the same one taught them by the instructor who had hot-footed it for parts unknown. After their exit, sister Joan would come out singing "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes."

The costumes were gay and, occasionally, garish. Designed by sister Mary, they were executed by Momma. They were knife-pleated affairs in white chiffon, with leotards also in white and sporting a belt made out of rhinestones.

"We liked white," Joan will tell you today. "Because as we were two redheads and a brunette (*the brunette is Betty*) the color flattered us."

It was a pretty picturesque life, if a little hectic. They went from place to place in a new Ford. Papa Brodel drove. A wire-haired terrier named Mic, but pronounced Mike (*as in microphone*) was the troupe's mascot. They would stop in a city to do an engagement and immediately Momma Brodel would scurry around and find a tutor for her brood, as the law required. For all but Mary, that is. They did eight weeks at Montreal—at \$200 a week—and by the time they quit Joan was speaking French like Annabella.

Don't jump to the conclusion that the Brodels were getting rich. Long layoffs ate into the reserve. They were always getting jobs just when the money was practically gone.

They had just finished two weeks of the big-time in Detroit—at an all-time high of \$250 per week—when the boss of the family decided they were ready to try New York.

Two things happened to the Brodels in New York. Item one, as you guessed, concerns a screen test: Joan got it when an M-G-M scout caught a glimpse of her in the Paradise Restaurant and got her name on the contract in a photo-finish with Columbia. The second event had to do with an old friend they chanced to meet as they were strolling along Broadway. He was the colored gentleman who had run off with their instruments.

Did they call the cops? Hardly. They greeted him cordially. They were genuinely glad to see him. They actually admired him. The steps he had taught them had been called everything from slick to sensational. They didn't mention the instruments and he didn't. In fact, they asked him if he couldn't spare a few more lessons. He said he'd be glad to. And teach them he did. Only he wouldn't accept a nickel.

M-G-M, classifying her as a child player, virtually ignored Joan Leslie, after all that big fuss in New York when they discovered her. They let her do a microscopic bit in "Camille," with Garbo and

Robert Taylor. There followed brief appearances in "Men With Wings," "Two Thoroughbreds," "Winter Carnival," "High School," and "Laddie" for assorted companies. She made a few motions on gelatin in a Warner film called "Nancy Drew, Reporter." A hawk-eyed Warner executive saw the picture and immediately recognized her possibilities as an alluring young ingenue and to hell with the kid stuff. He had a contract drawn up pronto. Joan Leslie signed it equally pronto.

In "High Sierra" she was allowed a few turns. On the basis of her performance she was given a more important part in "The Wagons Roll at Night." Through Eddie Albert, who liked her work in the circus picture, she was cast opposite Albert in "The Great Mr. Nobody." She didn't let him down. A contribution to "Thirty Days Hath September" and she was ready for "Sergeant York."

Today, the Brodels are mostly the same three girls who dished out corn all up and down the whole creation. They couldn't go Hollywood if they tried. With Joan under contract, the family trekked out to California and took a modest little flat. And Mary and Betty wandered around to get themselves a connection.

Mary was singing in front of a band



Joan is decidedly athletic and can stand on her hands without wavering.

when a Warner scout caught up with her. He offered her a screen contract test totally innocent of the fact that she was Joan's sister. She was given the test, passed with flying colors, and went on the Warner contract list as Mary Brodel.

Mary is probably the prettiest of the three. When her hair is piled up she looks like Danielle Darrieux. With her hair parted on the side, she resembles Madge Evans. She favors Lily Damita when she does her hair up in bangs that hang low on her forehead and turns on a bewitching look. She's a dead ringer for June Lang when she's herself. Once at a preview she was mobbed by autograph hounds who wouldn't believe her when she said her name was Brodel. She wound up signing June Lang nineteen times.

Betty is at this writing still undiscovered by Hollywood. Undiscovered, but not untalented. Betty sings nightly at a Hollywood restaurant called Lindy's. Hither come Joan and Mary every so often to dine. They come unannounced. And they bring the house down with their applause. When her songs are over Betty comes to their table. And all three Brodels have them a grand time talking.

The loyalty of the Brodels is something for the maxims books. Interview Joan and she tells you that Mary is the really-talented one in the family. Talk to Mary and she does a rhapsody over Joan and undiscovered Betty. Spend an hour chatting with Betty and you'll wind up with fifty-five minutes of wild talk which can be boiled down to three words: "Joan is terrific."

Could be, Betty.

Conrad Veidt Looks Into the Mirror

[Continued from page 39]

been divorced. That, too, is normal in these times. I have a daughter by my previous marriage. Viola. She is sixteen. She is now at school in Switzerland. Like every father, I am very proud.

"I see a man who is without fear—except of Evil. Fear, to me, is only of Evil. Or of things he cannot see or touch. An earthquake, perhaps, yes, then I am afraid. A nightmare, dreams, regret that we have for those who are dead, because we did not give them all that we might have given of love and of kindness . . . such things we cannot see or touch or hear . . . of such things I have fear. So have all men, I think. So that is normal.

"I see a man who worries. But not about himself I do not worry about myself at all. People I have to care for, that's my daughter, her mother; my wife, her parents, I worry about them. But that, again, is normalcy. All men worry about those they have in their care. I worry, too, about little children I do not know. And women. Children and women who are the very innocent victims of what is going on—over there. This worries everybody. This is so cruel and so dark, this is really black.

"I see a man—" Mr. Veidt smiled into his mirror—"I see a man who is a great lover of women. There is a difference here. A difference between seeing one's self as the Great Lover, which means of one woman, a dozen women, and seeing one's self as a great lover of *all* women.

As I am. Women write letters to me. Many letters since 'A Woman's Face.' I read them all, by the way, the letters they call 'fan letters.' They write to me that they like to see me as the lover. This is surprising, perhaps, because when I look into a mirror I do not see there a reflection of the young Romeo. But I like to believe they sense the inward thing. For when I say I am the very great lover of all women, I mean precisely that. Like a lover, I am blind to their faults. I see them through glasses with triple, rose-colored lens. All the so-called *weaknesses* in women about which men either complain or make fun, are not there for me. For they have their excuses, and are charming.

'The 'little things' women do with which men lose patience . . . I, frankly, without being insufferably smug, I would never lose my temper with a female because of such things, or because of *any* thing. It is said that women keep men waiting when they go out, but why not? Men have only to bathe and change and shave. Women have to dress and even in these days, the dress of the female is much more intricate to perform. Females have to make-up. That takes time, and so it should. If we believe in beautifying all things possible of beautifying, why shouldn't the female adorn her face? They must go to the coiffeur when they dine out. They have the appointment at four. Perhaps, the coiffeur is not ready until 4:30. Things like these.



June Preiser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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"There are two different kinds of men. There are the *men-men*, what do you call them, the 'man's man,' who likes men around, who prefers to talk with men, who says the female can never be impersonal, who takes the females lightly, as playthings.

"I do not see a man like that in my mirror. Perhaps, it is because I think the female and the male attract better than two men, that I prefer to talk with females. I do. I find it quite as stimulating and distinctly more comfortable. I have a theory about this—it all goes back to the mother-complex. In every woman, the man who looks may find—his mother. The primary source of all his comfort.

"I think also that females have become too important just to play with. When men say the female cannot discuss impersonally, that is no longer so. When it is said females cannot be geniuses, that is no longer so, either. The female is different from the male. Because she was born to be a mother. There is no doubt about it. But that does not mean that, in some cases, she is not also born a genius. Not all males are geniuses, either. And among females today there are some fine actresses, very fine; fine doctors, lawyers, even scientists and industrialists.

"I see no fault in the female when she wears slacks, smokes (*unless it is on the street, one thing, the only thing, which I DON'T like*), when she drives a car... when men say things like 'I bet it is a woman driving' if something is wrong with the car ahead—no, no. These are old, outworn prejudices, they do not belong in Today.

"I see a man who is a Romanticist, given by nature to excessive sentimentality. In the role of the lover, it is of my nature to be extravagant. When I send flowers, I would not send one dozen flowers, two dozen flowers, but SIX! It was my wife who stopped that. She said, 'We cannot afford that in these times—one flower will do it.' This is my opinion, too. Even if you are very poor, you are able to bring the one, little flower. But you must not be too poor in the heart, in the emotions to bring that one, little flower. It is of utmost importance.

"For myself, my demands are simple. I don't care how I am dressed. Only for my profession do I care how I am dressed. I am not one of the men who say, 'I must have 40 suits, 30 pairs of shoes, 20 ties.' I am terrible-particular about what I eat. If I have a hobby, it is that we have a cook of unexcelled excellence. But my tastes do not run to the blue champagne and caviar... I drink milk. I eat chocolate cake. I love sweets. Rich sweets. When I eat these, I do not gain an ounce. I drive my friends insane. They tell me, 'I'm starving. I look at you eat, it is disgusting. I hate you!'

"I do not see in this mirror a man who is driving, tyrannical or sadistic. I am afraid I must disappoint you. I do not see myself as the so-called dangerous man of whom, it is often said, women most love. I do not believe this. I believe that every female likes to feel the male can make decisions, yes. She likes to feel the male is stronger and is leading her life for her in the way she should go. Such a man I think I can say I see in the mirror, yes.

"I see a man who had once a demoniac

temper, yes, also. But I have learned to control it. Or Life has learned that lesson for me. I drive Mrs. Veidt MAD—you know why? Because I *don't react*. Because, if an angry argument arises, and no matter how much two people love, this is liable to happen, I get kinder and kinder. I will argue, yes, of course, but *not* in temper. Mrs. Veidt tells me, 'You are not human, you are cruel, it is monstrous.' But I say that loss of temper, even for an hour, is a waste of time. At the end of that hour, what have you got? You have lost an hour of harmony. You have gained exactly nothing. Because if you do not care for the person with whom you are arguing, you can only say, 'I shall go away and not return.' But you could have said that in the beginning. If you do care for the person, you can only humble yourself and ask forgiveness—*so what?* If always you have in your mind that potent American expression, 'So What?' you can save yourself so much.

"It is the same with the frantic attempt to save time. I hate fast driving, because I was once in an accident. When anyone drives me too fast for an appointment, saying, 'but we must step on the gas or you will be late,' I say, 'if you go so fast, how much time do you save?' Two minutes... three minutes... so what is that?

"I must tell you something that will disappoint you... far from being one engaged in strange rituals of thought or action, what I like best to do is sit in this small garden, on this terrace, and—just sit. Sometimes, I confess, I think a lot. About my past. About my parents who are dead. I like to dream, to go away... At other times, I sit and read. I read, often, a whole day through.

"I play golf. I used to be a golf fiend. Now I am not a fiend even on the links. Now I play because it is relaxation. I like the beach very much, the sea. I go to the films very often, to the neighborhood theatres, my wife and I.

"Sometimes, we go to the Palladium, where there is dancing. It is an amazing sight to me to see young people, how they are like they were thirty years ago, how they hold their little hands, how they enjoy their lives.

"To me, the most beautiful thing in all California is the Hollywood Bowl, the Concerts Under The Stars. For me, it is a terrific experience. I have never seen an audience in my life like that. 30,000 people, simple people, most of them, listening to music under the stars. I have never seen 30,000 so *quiet*. So *one*. I like to think them a symbol that one day there may be that oneness for all mankind...

"But, people say, 'Life makes its marks on faces'... how, then, account for this face in the mirror which is believed strange? Perhaps, this is so, that Life makes its marks on our faces. But I say the marks are only on the faces, they are not inward marks.

"When I was born—this is very funny—I was fat. Such a fat baby you never saw. I had a brother three years older than I. He was a most handsome little boy. When people saw him walking on the street with our nurse, they would stop and say, 'What a beautiful little boy!' They would go on about him. They would then look at me in my perambulator and

say, 'Oh.' Just that, 'Oh.'—for there was a fat, ugly, snoring baby. Bow-legged, too, like this—" Mr. Veidt sprang from his chair and gave excellent pantomime of a fat, ugly, snoring and bow-legged baby! It was a treat to see.

He said, "Why shouldn't my soul be that of the fat baby? Has Life done to me such things that that little, fat soul is so changed?

"Well," he smiled—he sat forward on his chair, hands clasped between his knees, eyes interested—he likes to talk, he handles ideas as a juggler handles the vivid implements of his craft, he said, "Well, let us see what I have done, what I have thought during the years of my life to make the face what we see it is. For it is the thoughts we think, the things we do that make the marks upon our faces, is it not?

"So, I see a man who was for years studying occult things. The science of occult things. The stars. I had the feeling there must be—something else. There are things in our world we cannot trace. I wanted to trace them. The power we have to think, to move, to speak, to feel—is it electricity, I wanted to know? Is it magnetism? Is it the heart? Is it the blood? When the body dies, where is all that? Where is that power that made the body live? No one can tell me it is not somewhere. If you believe in waves, which you must believe after you have the radio, why couldn't human beings be very good receivers? Why couldn't human beings contact the wave lengths of somebody who is dead?

"... this is the kind of thing with which I was, for many years, preoccupied. This is what I tried to find, this answer. *I did not find it.* But in looking for it there was etched, perhaps, on my face, some hint of the strange cabals I kept with unseen and unknown powers.

"I did not find it, I say. But I found something else. Something better. I found—*faith.* I found the ability, very peacefully, to accept that which I could neither see nor hear nor touch. I am a religious man. My belief is that if we could help to make all people a little more religious, we would do a great lot. If we would pray more... we forget to pray except when we are in a mess. That is too bad. I believe in prayer. Because when we pray, we always pray for something—good.

"So, I see a man who learned a lesson—for after a time, perhaps too long a time, I stopped the research I was doing. Research into realms that are. I came to understand, none of my mortal business. It was wrong to do it, that is why I gave it up. It is wrong and it is dangerous because it makes Life become so unimportant, and so silly. It is wrong to do it because some mysteries are forbidden. I was trying to find the solution to The Forbidden Mystery. And maybe I went a bit too far. Maybe that gave me, shall we say, an expression... so that when people look at me, they get the feeling, he is a deep-thinking man—something is going on!

"But to prove my point that such marks are outward, not inward, all that is 'going on' is that I am now modest, content to be grateful with what God gives me, content with the simple faith of that fat

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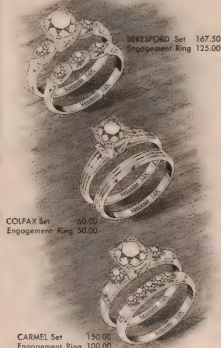
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baby who had not learned to dare—or was too wise to dare—to ask unanswerable questions.

"When I was very young, perhaps sixteen, I wanted to become a doctor. I see that young man, too, wanting to be one of the men who fight Life against Death.

I admire that young man. And I agree with him. He knew this is a grim fight, and the most gallant fight men make. He thought so then. He thinks so now. This, too, may have set its mark upon my face. Since the face is bitten, often, I think, with the things men might have done and might have been, as well as with the things they have done and have been... a dream cuts with a keener blade than a deed.

"Then I became an actor. A free life, the actor's life. I had no responsibility. I had an easy success. I lived, then, the life of blue champagne and extravagances and adventures and amours. I became, for a little time, the Great I Am, with the puffed-up conceit of arrogant youth. Until Life—and the loss of those I loved, by death, by the other kinds of death, too, which take place in our hearts... and war and its suffering... and experience with its sometimes balanced, sometimes unbalanced scales of pain and pleasure, taught me what it is worth... There must also be written upon the face, I suppose, the story of indulgences which are disciplined.

"If you are long enough in this profession, you lose something of normalcy, I suppose. Perhaps, it may be asked, can any actor be normal? In 1912, when I left school, wanting to be an actor, my father was very unhappy. He said 'an actor is a gypsy, an outcast.' For in 1912 actors were not normal to other people. Now it becomes a profession, like any other. Normalcy, I think, depends greatly upon the dates on a calendar and—a point of view.

"Then—twenty-five years of playing the characters I have played. From the demon in my first film, through 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' up to and including 'A Woman's Face,' now, in 'Bal-

lerina,' with Loretta Young, I play a good man... a man of nostalgia for that which he most loved, which is gone. But most of the men I have played have not been quite of this earth. This, maybe, reflects in my expression, in the movement of my hands, in my walk. So, I become a bit abnormal to other people.

"There is another idea I have... it is true, I think, that, after awhile in every life, there is something very like a circle. The circle is, I think, the Symbol. And perhaps the Certainty. My first part on the screen, I have said, was a so-called demon. This was in 1916 or 1918. In 1939, I made 'The Thief of Bagdad,' which is the same sort of person. In 1926, when I was in Hollywood, I had a house on Camden Drive. When I arrived in Hollywood again, in 1940, I was starting a picture. I could not look for a house. Mrs. Veidt found the house for us—on Camden Drive. She did not know I had lived there before because we have been married since then.

"These are the smaller things. Small things in the shape of circles which, I believe, all men find in their lives. But there are also the larger aspects... I began life as a fat, ugly baby. There is nothing very sinister in that. I have told you what I now am, in my private life, how I like to sit in the sun, and just sit... how I read, play golf, go to the films, control my temper, worry as other men worry... so now I will show you how the circle completes itself: my ideal has always been a farm. Since childhood I have wanted to have a farm, not too big, a few cows, a few chickens, things growing, barnyard sounds. That is what, one day now, I shall have. So now I look in the mirror and I see... the fat baby, who became the man with the wicked eyes, who became the fat baby again, who became a farmer!"

Mr. Veidt laughed... "that's completing the circle," he said, "and in completing the circle the face in the mirror is, I submit, accounted for—in full!"

Is it?

Love Scenes They'll Never Forget

[Continued from page 43]

or kisses in westerns. Then he added, "Some actors can make passionate love on a moment's notice, and kiss convincingly without even touching the lips of the girl. I can't do that. For me, the action must be real because it is the mind that plays the scene and the emotions must be spurred on. Guess emotions grow up, become mature, and then the actor can become so adept he can meet any romantic situation."

Some four years ago, Betty Grable and Bob Hope received their initiation into film love making at the same time in a little laugh-dremer, "Give Me a Sailor." Betty had greeted this moment when she would rate romance in a film and prove herself a glamour girl, but she hadn't reckoned with the irrepressible Bob. The first scene was with Bob and Betty making love on a vine-covered porch. Beginning in all seriousness, Bob's hilarious quips, whispered under his breath, would send Betty into hysterical

giggles, and scene after scene was ruined while the director patiently waited each time for her to quiet down. Finally, after the eleventh failure, he blew up and gave Betty a severe talking to. This cleared the atmosphere: Betty wept, Bob took the blame and promised to be a perfect lamb, the director apologized for losing his temper, and then, they started all over and came through with a satisfactory scene. "That scolding was exactly what I needed," said Betty. "I realized right then that pictures depend on the perfect team work of all concerned, and no one has the right to fall down because that pulls everybody else down. I can tell you, I've never lost control of myself in a scene since then."

Jack Benny burst forth with, "Don't tell me anything about first love scenes and the art of a kiss—I took a course in both during my first picture, the second 'Artists and Models,' with Ida Lupino as co-sufferer. I was supposed to give Ida

a sudden kiss when she came into my office, but in the excitement, I couldn't even find her face, let alone her lips. We bumped foreheads, chins, noses, but always missed the proper spot. The director patiently explained that a head-on kiss meant collision, not romance. The cameraman wearily chanted about shadows and keeping in focus. Hours went by, *hours*, mind you, before the director finally gasped 'Okay.' But—it was all very wonderful!"

Arriving in Hollywood from Broadway one May morning in 1933, Claire Trevor was on a desert location twenty-four hours later for her first film, "Life in the Raw," and meeting George O'Brien, the star. As the sun came up over the hills they went into a love scene with George lifting her onto a horse, making a few pretty speeches, and kissing her. But Claire, not used to early hours, deathly afraid of horses, her shoes full of sand, and shivering in the morning wind, insists this was her Black Moment. Said Claire, "Even now, when I go into a love scene I wish I were a singer for their romances are heightened by music, and gorgeous sets and costumes, so it is easy to be fervid in mood. And who wants a love scene that isn't fervid?"

An Irish Romanticist, George Brent readily recalls his first screen love making. The heroine was Ruth Chatterton and the picture "The Rich Are Always With Us," and they met when they started the first scene. George admits he worried over the love scenes which fortunately, didn't come for several weeks, but when the day arrived he was disconcerted to find half a hundred people, cast and crew, gathered to watch them. The set represented his bachelor apartment and it was a long sequence, charged with tender moments and many kisses, and George became so self-conscious that they had to make it over and over. Now, there's a magic chemistry about human emotions that does fantastic things, and just as they began the seventh rehearsal, he became very calm; in that split-second he knew he was madly in love with the girl he held in his arms, and he put such poignant sincerity into words and kisses, that the picture became the great love drama of the season. Too, it was the prelude to a glamorous romance for a few months later, in August 1932, George and Ruth were married. It ended in less than two years.

George told me, "If the character permits, I try to bring the element of tenderness to my love making. Approaching these scenes one must either suggest the spell of adoration—of burning incense, or the thrill of gunpowder—the Bang! Bang! of hot emotions bursting into flame."

Alice Faye's first love scene came in the film version of George White's "Scandals" with Rudy Vallee. "I had never been in a studio before," said Alice, "and everything was confusing. The director, cameraman, electrician, and a dozen others, were explaining techniques, angles, shadows, saying we must do this and that to make the scene realistic. I was bewildered. The kisses I had seen on the screen were wonderful and I never dreamed they were so minutely rehearsed. By some miracle, Rudy and I got through the ordeal, after a dozen calamities interfered, but I never see a perfect love scene and a perfect kiss in a picture, without feeling

[Continued on page 84]

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*Tops for Fingertips
Flair and Wear*

Glamour Girls Adore Him!

[Continued from page 23]

tried in vain to talk about this and that.

My little French-English dictionary didn't work so well. Jean laughed softly at my make-shift French. He shook his head "no!" and then explained what I should have said in French. Which I couldn't understand.

When it seemed we were doomed for a mutual admiration party his English instructor arrived and acted as interpreter.

In the beginning, the studio had said Mr. Gabin will discuss anything but war and love. So we talked about love!

I admit Mr. Gabin was hesitant at first. I assumed my most innocent, yet expectant expression, as though it were quite the thing to do—to talk intimately about one's private and personal romantic life. So he did.

"Everyone knows that when a man goes with one girl for a week or two weeks or longer that he's more than just a friend," he said. "The beginning of a love affair is always the nicest part."

"For some reason no romance seems to last long in Hollywood. Why, I do not know. The women are too beautiful. They love and can pick and choose and discard as their moods change. Men seldom change. I know I don't. If I fall in love deeply I don't change. But," he qualified, "love is such a rare emotion—so elusive. It is difficult to tell when we have actually captured it."

"I hope that the great love of my life is yet to come. But how can a man tell which is the great love if he has already loved one woman deeply? We never know which has been the great love—until after we're dead. There's always a chance it is yet to come."

"If girls like to change lovers in Hollywood, what can be done? What can a man do? You cannot hold a woman against her will."

Right here, knowing the many glamour girls who are sighing over Jean, I asked him point blank at what age a woman is the most fascinating.

"A woman is most interesting between 30 and 40," he said to my utter personal dismay. "For then a woman is like a full-blown flower, radiant with all her allure and knowledge and beauty. Then she is glorious, warm and capable of deep emotion."

"Young girls—they are too giggly. A man likes—and is always searching for—a woman who will be his pal and a mistress at the same time. One who fills his every need. When he finds her he wants to hold her naturally. So he marries her."

"But how can I talk now about love in Hollywood? I have not had a chance. For how can I find a woman fascinating unless I know her—talk to her. I cannot talk in English."

"I haven't tried to make any dates with an American girl, because I cannot follow up. I can't expect a girl to spend an evening with me—just twiddling her thumbs."

"These romances I have read to me—about myself in the columns. They can only be explained. They have paper and space to fill—so they write from the

imagination." Jean shrugged his shoulders.

"But Marlene Dietrich? What of her?" I pursued.

"Ah, Marlene," he smiled, his face lighting with pleasure. "Everywhere it is Marlene, Marlene, Marlene! Why don't you ask her?" he teased, his eyes daring the issue. Then quickly, "It's no secret that I'm with Marlene about all of the time. I can only go with a girl who speaks French. It is quite natural. We're old friends, besides."

"Ours is not love," he protested. "But friendship and companionship. We met in Paris before the war. We were going to make a picture together."

"When I came to Hollywood I rented a little bungalow in the hotel gardens in Beverly Hills. A studio photographer came to take pictures. He said, 'Did you know that Marlene Dietrich lives next door?' I was amazed."

"She is wonderful, Marlene is. She is so domestic. So different than she appears. She comes home from the studio and cooks until late at night. Pies and breads and cakes and meats. Often she invites me to dinner and serves my favorite food, steak and mashed potatoes. She took me about and introduced me to Hollywood."

Right here let me say, that the moment Marlene set eyes on Jean, he became No. 1 man in her life. Eric Remarque, the novelist, to whom Marlene has been exclusively devoted for a year, was forgotten. When Jean and Marlene and Eric met at Ciro's their eyes were averted. Plainly, Eric carries the torch. All of which Jean is quite unaware of since he doesn't read English and doesn't learn the gossip of Hollywood.

"Love and war—both are born out of nothing," he continued.

"They are hard to explain. To me, Marlene is not a glamorous beauty. But a real woman. A real friend. She called today and said, 'Jean, I am going to lunch.' So I said, 'Why don't you come up here and have lunch with me?' She comes up here most of the time. It is quiet and restful here."

"In France they made jokes about my admiration for Ginger Rogers. She was the one Hollywood girl I wanted most to meet. I mentioned it and one night at Tim Durant's house I was introduced to her. She is so charming. We made an engagement for dinner. But we could not speak to each other. It was so confusing to be with a girl you've dreamed of meeting and then find yourself tongue-tied. So many things you wanted to tell her and you couldn't say them in her language!"

"I decided that night when I reached home not to make any more engagements to take a girl out when I could not follow up and make her evening entertaining. It is quite pointless to make advances and then not say two words a girl can understand."

"But in six months from now—it will be different."

"In France people say what they think." Jean explained giving the keynote for his continental candor which is an almost unknown quality in Hollywood.

"In America they think, but don't say what they think. Right now Marlene is a very necessary part of my life. She gives me much happiness. She is wonderfully charming and understanding, besides being very beautiful. But," he insisted, "it is friendship rather than love," then confused by adding, "but in every real friendship there is love."

Inviting me into the house, which he is refurbishing, making it even more gay, in wide contrast to the dark obliqueness of war-torn Europe, from which he escaped so recently, Jean placed a number of French recordings on his machine. "Marlene telephoned New York for these records," he smiled. Then, in a light mood, he began to hum to the rhythm.

Large vases of flowers were everywhere. Lilacs, favorite of his native France, and white carnations and deep red roses. His florist bill is over \$200 a week. He loves to send flowers to friends and keeps them in abundance in his home.

A small doll with flaxen hair and wide blue eyes fringed with black lashes, sat majestically in a chair. "She keeps me company. My best girl," he laughed. "Marlene sent it to me." You could guess that the doll closely resembled Marlene's flaxen beauty. A picture of Marlene in her most recent role in "Manpower," unframed, as though it had been brought from the studio, was propped against the wall on a coffee table.

I asked Jean if he had given Marlene the magnificent new ruby and diamond clip and ring she's been wearing. He shook his head. "She never wears jewels—only flowers when she's with me," he explained. When Germany took Paris Jean escaped with only the shirt on his back, leaving all of his wealth and worldly possessions behind him. He dislikes jewels, which he cannot afford. He gives flowers instead.

There is a definite no—when you mention marriage to him.

Only a year ago he was divorced in Paris from Doryane, a café entertainer. Of it he only says, "All my bad luck comes on Wednesdays. My marriage was one long eight years of Wednesdays."

"Over in France we do not marry quick and divorce quick—we make the best of things as they are."

"But now that I am a bachelor I will stay one for a long time. I like being free."

Of the American girls Jean says they are well dressed and very smart. But he still thinks French girls have that extra *umm* or *oomph*. "Yet how can I say when I have never had experience with American girls. You cannot know how handicapped a man is when he cannot express himself to a girl."

"All I can say is, in six months from now—when I speak English, then I hope to find out."

For several years Hollywood tried in vain to bring Jean to Hollywood. But his love for his own country made him turn down Hollywood's most flattering offers. Even now he does not feel settled nor permanent. He is here only for the duration of the war. He has just been demobilized—and if France should need him, he'll go right back.

Jean's harrowing experiences and daring escape from the Nazis to this country would make a movie thriller. But he does not like to speak of them.

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"I came here to forget," he said. "Over there it was always diving bombers—night and day for the past year. Always imminent death. Here everything is so quiet—so peaceful. The most extraordinary thing is the food markets. Big markets filled with food. We haven't seen food in large quantities in France for over two years. All is rationed. I couldn't get enough to eat when I first came over."

Without food for days at a time, Jean was suffering from severe malnutrition on his arrival in New York. During his flight from France he and three companions had not eaten for three days. They came onto a bombed grocery store. One small can of sardines was left among the debris. Each ate one little sardine and was grateful. So it is not difficult to understand his illness. Twice on the journey from New York he had to be taken off the trains, too ill to travel. On his arrival in Hollywood he was taken to Palm Springs to a sanitarium.

Now he is fit and virile and strong again. Although, through his genial smile and ready wit, there is a stamp of the terrific strain of hardship which streaked his blond hair with gray.

In June 1939, Jean was making a picture called "Remorque," in Paris. There were rumors of war with Germany, but no one believed France would actually be invaded.

Suddenly, a mobilization order came to the studio. The next day he was aboard a minesweeper, a private in the marines at Cherbourg. He still wonders what happened to his uncompleted film.

No one knew the awful turn the war

would take, least of all Jean. He had built and furnished a beautiful villa at Dreux, 75 miles west of Paris. On leave he spent his first and only week in his new home.

He was entertaining a group of officers when word came that the Germans had broken through at Sedan and were headed that way, due to arrive in Dreux in exactly 15 minutes.

"Miracles had happened before in the last war. The Germans came close to Paris, but they never reached here. No one thought they would this time," he said. "We all believed in another miracle to save us."

Grabbing a shirt he and three officers jumped in his car and headed toward Cherbourg to rejoin their unit. But the Germans beat them to it. Then he headed for the next French military base at Brest. The Germans were ahead of him.

200 miles from Paris a Nazi plane dived at his car, its machine guns open full blast. Jean jumped out and ran into a field throwing himself flat on his back in the brush. The plane circled and bombed his car—blowing it into bits.

Then there were long weeks tramping through the fields, hiding from swooping Nazi bombers. He finally made his way to Toulon, when he found that the armistice had been signed. He was demobilized and remained in Nice with friends.

Money was advanced to him by Andre Daven, 20th Century-Fox producer in France. Together they embarked on a long voyage to America. The boat was small and the seas turbulent. Gabin arrived in New York a very sick man.

But all that is behind him now. Only the streaks of gray in his hair are visible reminders of the horrible ordeal he passed through.

Jean was born in Villette, the "Greenwich Village" section of Paris on May 17, 1904. His father was Joseph Moncorge, an actor, and his mother Helene Petit, an actress. His father adopted the stage name of Gabin, which Jean carried on until it stood for the highest standard of his art in France.

As a boy, Jean had an aversion for the theatre. Timid and retiring, he ran away from home several times, when his father urged him to follow the family profession.

Jean's mother died when he was very young. Left well on his own responsibility, he played hooky from school. At the age of ten, the Germans invaded Northern France and Jean found himself among the long lines of refugees who struggled towards Paris for protection.

Until he was 20 and entered the three years' military service as every young Frenchman, Jean was a day laborer. He worked in an iron foundry and was a cement mixer.

On completion of his military training, his father prevailed on him to accept a role in the "Folies Bergeres." Then came a small part in a play called in the Continental manner, "Three Nude Girls." Jean went on tour and became a popular player with the provincial French people.

It was Mistinguette who discovered him and made him her leading man. Starting with Elsie Janis and Meg Lemonnier, he rose rapidly in the theatre. Then came French film offers. Jean is

OLD KING COLE calls it "something worth calling for"



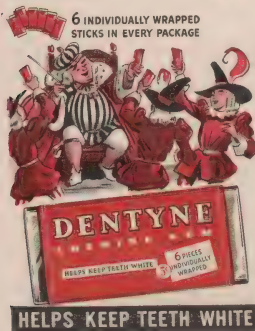
Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted extra loud for Dentyne—(that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call extra loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's extra good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really different flavor—a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor—and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).



most popular playing a down-to-earth man, a man of the people. He knows and understands the middle-class since he is one of them.

In France his name was romantically linked with Simone Simon. But that, too, was friendship, since they made many French pictures together.

His latest French pictures being exhibited in this country, "Pepe Le Moko" and "La Grande Illusion," are already making him a box-office favorite on the American screen.

Jean has been called the "Spencer Tracy of France." He greatly admires Tracy and on his arrival in Hollywood—the two met. Tracy has no knowledge of French and Gabin knew a half-dozen English words taught him by a New York newspaper man. They were: "I like," "I don't like," "Food," "I don't know," and "Get the hell out."

"Pretty soon I learned to just keep my

mouth shut," Jean said. But he and Tracy visited all one evening with the few words between them and much gesturing. At the conclusion of the evening both were exhausted.

"Here's the one little trinket I brought from France," Jean said, picking up a small coffee pot. "For some reason, when I rushed out of my house in advance of the Germans—I grabbed this as a memento and stuck it in my pocket." On it was printed in French, "Black as the Devil, Hot as Hell, Sweet as Love, Pure as an Angel."

"That describes a Frenchman," he smiled.

"I wish love were all I had to worry me now," Jean remarked as I left. "Don't mistake me. It is most important in every man's life. But right now I must master English, English with an American accent. Come back in six months and I'll tell you about love in Hollywood."

Love Scenes They'll Never Forget

[Continued from page 81]

a bit of awe, knowing what went into them."

"The mood of a love scene depends upon the lady in question," opined Herbert Marshall. "However, an actor's first excursion into these romantic episodes is a bit terrifying because, oddly enough, in striving to perfect his technique he seldom gives enough attention to the love-kiss angle. It takes training to give realism to feigned love. It is best not to permit real emotions to get tangled up with the make-believe for if an actor can appraise himself coolly from the sidelines he will give a more sincere performance. My first love scene was in a London play when I was totally unknown. The girl? Well, we fell in love and she became my first wife." He laughed. "So-o-o, there goes my theory about mixing real with reel love, doesn't it?"

Ann Sheridan's little trick of laughing when she's embarrassed, spoiled her first romantic scene. This was in a trifle titled, "Car 99," and the leading man, Fred MacMurray, was getting his first break at acting, too. The scene was staged on the observation platform of a fast-moving train, which in reality was a studio set with five men rocking it from underneath. With Ann and Fred keyed up to emote, the train gave a sudden lurch that threw them into a huddle on the floor. The next try brought another jolt that sent them sprawling. Again and again something happened until Ann's nerves were on edge. At last, having mastered the dialogue build up, the moment came for the climactic kiss. Fred was making a serious job of being tender, when Ann broke into hysterical laughter. "Fred dropped me like a ton of bricks," said Ann, "he thought I was laughing at him. It was awful, and the worse I felt the louder I laughed. I couldn't stop. The director must have been a psychologist for he postponed the remainder of the scene until another day. No other gratitude," added Ann, "is as great as being helped through these first love sequences for they are a terrific bugaboo to every beginner."

Rita Hayworth, made for romance, had her first outstanding love scene in "The

Strawberry Blonde." Said Rita, "Jimmy Cagney had been my hero when I was twelve. He used to hang around my Dad's dancing school and I worshipped him. I didn't meet him again until we started 'The Strawberry Blonde' and then, just imagine, I played hot love scenes with him. Of course, this gave me a great kick and we had lots of fun talking over the old days!"

The big moment in Cesar Romero's screen love life came with Marlene Dietrich in "The Devil Is A Woman." "It was a difficult scene," Cesar told me, "for after a dialogue emotional build up, we were to whirl around face to face, and kiss. Everything was going tops until the whirl when we came together with such a bang that we nearly lost our balance. But we hung on and went through the scene so convincingly, that it was okayed on the first take. I was objecting that there were no retakes when we discovered that the passionate impact had bruised both Marlene's and my lips and that they were bleeding badly. I'd say, that's suffering for art!"

Popping the question to Joe E. Brown as to his first love scene, he exclaimed, "I passed out cold. Honest, I did. The picture was 'The Hit of the Show,' with Gertrude Olmstead, now the wife of Robert Leonard. I had never met Gerlie before, but one look at her—she was gorgeously beautiful, and I knew this was my moment. The love scene arrived. I was supposed to be dead and Gerlie was pretending great love for me—well, call it stage fright, if you like, but I fainted dead away. Imagine me, fainting! But it is true, and I did a good job for I scared the daylight out of all of them!"

"It's sheer panic," said Ann Sothorn, "to make your first love scene with someone you know—personality keeps intruding for you haven't yet learned how to handle your emotions. George Murphy, his wife and I were pals and had known each other for years when George and I were cast for 'Kid Millions,' where we had our first romantic film scenes. Whew! But were we self-conscious! We ruined a dozen scenes even with the director

coaching each move, and urging us to put more heat, more feeling into our words and actions. Now, years later, George and I are making love again in 'Ringside Maisie,' but the old shyness has disappeared in many experiences. It's all in a day's work and I put whatever emotion into the scenes that they call for. I'll tell you something," Ann added, mischievously, "if a girl puts love on her lips, her man and the audience both stay kissed!"

Then, there's Robert Stack, the handsome Prince Charming who gave Deanna Durbin her very first film kiss in "First Love." He insists that every kiss has its special technique, that actually, no two are alike, for they must emotionally meet the tempo of the drama. Bob discovered all this during the three days he and Deanna spent making love scenes and sharing twenty kisses before they succeeded in capturing the full charm and significance of the particular brand of young romance demanded by Director Henry Koster.

Young Veteran

[Continued from page 45]

o'clock and ride miles to where they were actually shooting the picture. Such work for three months can be a bed of cacti—not roses. . . .

In addition, Miss Parrish has played featured roles in things like "Little Tough Guys" and "Little Tough Guys In Society," for which she is probably ashamed. Walter Wanger borrowed her for "Winter Carnival," making her Ann Sheridan's sister—another relationship to add to the previous list. RKO borrowed her for "You'll Find Out," a horrible horror picture with Kay Kyser and a trio of spooks. Add to this lineup: "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now," "Where Did You Get That Girl?" (with Charles Lang), "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga" and most recently, "Too Many Blondes."

"I didn't see much of Rudy outside of working hours," she says, referring to "Too Many Blondes," "I can tell you that he was everybody's pal because he didn't like to work late and because he took Thursdays off to tend to his radio show. Seems as though there was always a secretary at his elbow taking dictation about his radio and outside interests. An exciting thing happened in a drowning scene we did. I was supposed to rescue Rudy, but I went in a little deeper than I expected and it was the other way around—he saved me."

In the picture, Rudy is tired of blondes and turns to the brunette Helen, with whom he falls in love and marries. Then trouble rears its so-and-so head and they agree to a divorce. However, they are a little shy of cash and to accomplish the divorce they put themselves on a budget. The budget doesn't permit separate establishments so they continue to live together—with the inevitable result.

Miss Parrish has tried the air and likes it. She played the role of *Mary Tilford* in the Lux presentation of "These Three" and the role of *Felice* (her movie role) in "Mad About Music." She has been interviewed several times over the air.

She stands 5 feet 6½ inches high—tall for a movie actress. She weighs 110



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pounds and comes from American-Irish-English stock. Her eyes are greenish and good, her hair brown. Likes her hair "loose," and does nothing fancy with it. Got her hair up in a tricky style once for an interview (for a picture) and because she was bothered by the novelty of it stood stiffly, ill at ease. But a girl, standing back of the director, made a face at her for some reason and Helen stuck her tongue out at her. This gesture relieved her of her tenseness and the director selected her for the part, saying he liked her naturalness!

Her mother admits that when she sees Helen playing some of the bad roles she (*Helen*) likes so well she could step in and smack her. The family lives in harmony, but is a little whacky about studio calls—remember, they never say *no*? One day one of the boys answered the phone. The studio wanted him there in half an hour, wearing short blue trousers for an English picture they were starting. He had never owned such a pair, but he automatically said *yes* and turned to Helen for help. Without a second's delay she got out the older boy's best blue long pants, snipped, sewed and sent the young man on his way. The trousers later were so well sewed up that the older fellow never knew what had happened.

"Our Mexican maid, Cecilia," she said, referring to the mad domestic, "has a wonderful disposition. True, she can't cook, but she can make good coffee. She likes making it so much that even if she is alone at home she will make two or three pots of it.

"She hates the telephone. When it rings she grabs the receiver and shouts, at the top of her voice: 'Nobody home but me an' dog, goo'bye!' Once we made the mistake of telling her about a prank played on some newlyweds. Seems the best man tied bells onto the mattress of the bridal bed. That, to Cecilia, was the funniest thing she had ever heard—she has never fully recovered from it. Now we never know when we hop into bed that it won't be to the accompaniment of the pealing of ten or twelve loud bells. It makes life a little complicated, but we just couldn't do without Cecilia."

Miss Parrish brought her current heart-throb and sometime co-actor, Charles Lang, to the interview. She wore a ring he had given her on her third finger, left hand—but said it was not an engagement ring. She likes pets, leading off with a white Eskimo spitz named "Frosty." She also has two ducks which she got at a county fair. She was slightly in the dark about ducks so she hopefully named them "Daisy" and "Mr. Lang." Then a question—in which eggs were involved—arose about her choice of names. Finally the mystery was solved. "Mr. Lang" lays the eggs and "Daisy" sits on them.

Helen prefers the waltz (especially the Viennese) to all other dances, because it is so graceful. She reads quite a few books, notably, of late, William Saroyan's "My Name Is Aram." She is a devotee of sports and in one year brought herself up to date with them. Now goes in for such things as tennis, riding, swimming, archery, skating, badminton, bicycling and golf, because someone gave her a set of clubs. That list is what we mean by "up-to-date." She prefers men wearing sports clothes, but shudders at the sight

of a man playing tennis in shorts.

Her hobbies include collecting miniature horses and toys and the house is filled with them. She and Charles are currently hunting for those paperweights with snowstorms in them.

Is supposed to know how to make popovers, but when pressed for the recipe by this interviewer (who carries the recipe in his head ready for instant use) she said that she always used a cookbook and couldn't remember it offhand. Swore she had taken cooking at school and that her popovers were as good as the next man's—said that looking ominously in this direction. She doesn't eat things like oysters and clams. Loves corn on the cob and lima beans. But her great gustatory delight is mayonnaise and lots of it. The Parrishes, in toto, use the stuff instead of butter. She neither smokes nor drinks.

Loves going to the movies, but hasn't had a chance to see one in the last two months. Remembers with particular delight Noel Coward's "The Scoundrel" and Hitchcock's "Rebecca." Drives her own car, a 1940 Plymouth. The Parrishes own their own modest eight-room house—no swimming pool, but plenty of rustic tables for picnics.

"I did fairly well at school," she says, "but I hated French and I majored in it, too. Did fairly well in civics and that sort of thing and I loved the music appreciation course. Gloria Jean. Butch and Buddy (those kids who play bass fiddle and accordion and make life tough for Billy Gilbert) and I took it together. Gloria Jean and I would select operatic records and be playing something like 'Carmen' usually when Butch and his pal would burst in, their arms loaded down with boogie-woogie releases," she finished, grinning.

She and Charles have been doing a lot of kite flying from a nearby mountain top and defy anyone to laugh. She plays some cards, mostly the studio's craze, gin rummy. Admitted she played poker and glanced sideways to see if her *dove* objected. He didn't. The Paul Guilfoyles (he's the screen villain) are teaching them bridge. They already know *Pit* and play it noisily.

Her mother makes quite a lot of Helen's clothes—stuff that you see her wearing in the movies. Likes red things and little makeup. Uses mineral oil to take off makeup. Enjoys perfume and switches with her mood. Has two fur coats she's proud of. One a three-quarter length silver fox for afternoon or evening wear and a short white fox for formal use. Has an overburdened charm bracelet. Otherwise doesn't wear much jewelry—what with that charm bracelet she doesn't need to.

Recently attended a dance at Fort Benning, Georgia (one of the biggest camps, ten miles by ten miles), and was the belle of the ball. She went to the premiere of Universal's "Flame of New Orleans" down South and had the lace ripped off from her dress by eager fans. Someone stole her hat, too.

She is a rooting-tooting Brooklyn Dodgers fan.

Is a great Deanna Durbin fan. Can memorize lines with ease and directors find that she knows exactly what they want before they want it.

When she made a theatre tour a while

back with Ed Sullivan's troupe of performing movie people, she was the youngest in the crowd, but the one longest in the movies. She makes a good stage appearance and is working to enlarge her repertoire. She takes singing and dancing lessons three days a week. Is studying ballet for posture.

She and her mother (*from whom Helen obviously gets her good looks*) were smart enough to overlook the matter of "face" when her contract with RKO, back there, expired. She took each and every bit part that came along and as a result made money, gained experience and got herself a better contract with her present outfit, Universal. "Mother insists that it's *everything* added together that counts, not false pride," she says with feeling.

No one will have to worry about this young lady who has been enough insight into the movie business to say this:

"I would rather have a good juicy secondary part than a big but shallow lead—any day!"

See what we mean?

Virility Plus!!!

[Continued from page 47]

Each new job was a new world to be conquered. He roved for the sake of roving, fought for the sake of fighting, and, in every instance, gave of his best.

"The years have passed so quickly that they still seem to have happened only yesterday. You'd say a chap with my sort of background would pick up a lot of knowledge, and so I have. Particularly, about human nature. Yet, working in pictures has taught me more about the occupations I've had than the tasks themselves. If anyone had told me when I was in the army I'd sympathize with and understand a fellow who had betrayed his comrades I'd have taken him apart the hard way. But when I studied the part of *Gypsy* and played it in 'The Informer' I grew to know what went on in that poor dog's tortured mind. In the end, I actually felt sorry for him."

It is so with all his parts, he said. By playing them, he grows to understand the character. Moreover, he learns about the time in which his character lived, and last but not least, he learns to know the author.

"If you're handsome and can act a talent scout will find you. If you have just a face, and a big physique, like mine, maybe you'll need the luck I had in being available when the movies wanted someone of my type."

Victor McLaglen's face is one that could not be called unattractive. He isn't good-looking, but he is not homely, either. His nose is broad, his mouth is large and it opens first at the right corner just as it did when he played *Sergeant Flagg* in "What Price Glory?" He talks rather softly with something of a throaty tone, and a faint smile hovers nearly always on his rather thin lips. Yet, his expression can become grim as when he recalls some unpleasant aspect of the war, such as the bombing of Westminster Abbey.

"That was a beastly crime," he said, his voice rising in anger. "Westminster Abbey didn't belong solely to the English. It belonged to the world. It is a part of the



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world's heritage. It represents the spirit, the nobility of man."

Off the screen McLaglen is a devoted husband and father. It is at home he spends most of the time he is not exhibiting virility and vigor before a camera. His wife is a Scot girl—the same girl, incidentally—whom he married in England after the war. They have two children, now grown up—Andrew, 21, and Sheila, 18. He is immensely proud of his ranch. Famous once as the Harry Balfre ranch and valued at more than \$1,000,000, McLaglen bought it for a mere \$250,000. He uses it for breeding horses and cultivating grapes which he sells to the Cello wineries of California. He has a small racing stable, his principal thoroughbred being War, "a son of Man o' War," he reminds you, proudly.

The ranch has its own racetrack, airplane landing field, enormous barns, five guest houses and the main house, which, he says, is a minor hotel. "Also there is a museum which contains a 'priceless' collection of Indian and Mexican relics. Classes of school children often make trips to the ranch by bus to study the relics."

Of all his numerous roles Victor McLaglen likes best that of *Gyppo Nolan* in "The Informer." It took him away from the usual lusty, primitive types he had been depicting. It had "subtlety, mental scope, imagination," he said. "It gave me a chance to be something other than picturesquely forceful."

Those who remember the performance will recall that McLaglen did not *PLAY Gyppo Nolan*; he *WAS Gyppo Nolan*. Incidentally, McLaglen never turns down a request for an autograph. During his recent theatre tour he was constantly besieged at stage doors for his autograph. He often spent a half-hour signing his name. "A signature means so much to these fans, but if you want to know the real truth, it means even more to the actor." He said he began his autograph-signing career when his first picture, "Call of the Road," a British feature, was made.

"I played the part of a bruiser. It was just after the war. I looked like a bruiser and that's why I was chosen. At the premiere I was seated about half-way back. When the lights went up people recognized me and I was in for a good hour of name-signing. It was a new experience for me and a flattering one. I was an actor and, boy, what a feeling it gave me!"

He was given a contract after that film. It called for \$75 per week which was increased to \$150 per week when he appeared before a camera. It was a princely sum after years of soldiering and vagabonding in all corners of the globe. It was not long before he was getting \$250 per week. He decided to get married. And then the bottom fell out of the British film industry. Wondering what to do, he received one day a cable from J. Stuart Blackton, asking him to come to Hollywood to play a leading part in "The Beloved Brute" at a fee of \$300 per week.

"That was in 1924, and I've been in Hollywood ever since. I remember I had to maul Lady Diana Manners in 'The Glorious Adventure.' It started me upon a succession of 'treat-em-rough' pictures. My real chance came by colliding with Director Frank Lloyd one night at the

boxing bouts at the American Legion Stadium. We glared at one another. Next day, I got a call from Lloyd at the Fox studio. He wanted me to play one of the leads in 'Wings of Chance,' with Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon. On the strength of that picture I got a five-year contract at a salary of \$800 per week."

Spectacular success didn't come for McLaglen, however, until the filming of "What Price Glory?" He had a long wait, with nothing to do, before his big moment happened along. He had heard about the picture, felt he was just the type for *Captain Flagg*. One day he said so to Raoul Walsh, the director, adding that there was "no one else who can play it like me." "Ever hear of Wolheim?" asked Walsh. "Yes," retorted McLaglen, "so what?" The director suggested he make his own test. "It was a 1,000 to 1 chance. The test was a barroom scene. I swaggered and bellowed in the best top sergeant manner. The test was a success. It was just what Walsh was looking for."

McLaglen had arrived! He was now in the \$5,000 per week class. And one big picture after another came along—"Dis-honored" with Marlene Dietrich, "The Black Watch," "Mother Machree," "Professional Soldier," "Gunga Din" with Cary Grant and young Doug Fairbanks, and, of course, "The Informer."

"Many of the parts were of the 'Sez you—sez me' type—and I always liked those parts—but the majority had a military flavor. Those with an India or Near East background made me feel quite at home. So far I have not been asked to play on the screen a miner or a wrestler or a carnival strong man or a policeman or a prize fighter or a pearl fisherman or even a sign painter. I would feel at home in any of these roles."

Victor McLaglen, after his early years in the army, started out to be a farmer in Canada. He proved to be, he adds, the world's worst farmer. He dug for silver in the Cobalt area. He found the work dull and unprofitable. He went far into the interior of Canada in a search for gold. He never found it. He became a sign painter for a period, says he still shudders when he thinks of the art he produced.

He made his way then to Winnipeg, got a job with a traveling wrestler.

His fame as a strong man spread through the wilds of Canada. Hadn't he wrestled and pinned to the mat, in turn, an entire football team? He was induced to join a carnival troupe as a "strong man," his particular specialty being to assume a horizontal posture with a huge rock on his chest which an associate would break with a heavy sledge. Soon he was in the prize fight game, seemed headed for somewhere until he met up with Jack Johnson. Drifting back to Winnipeg, he joined the police force, took no back talk from anyone.

"As a matter of fact, I bulked pretty large. People usually don't talk back to big cops. I soon tired of the routine. I had the wanderlust, anyway. With a friend, named Hume Duval, I headed for Australia. We shipped as sailors on a pearl fishing boat. We visited Fiji and a score of other islands in the South Pacific. Finally we hit Australia. It was late in 1913 and I was 25 years old. A few weeks down under and I suddenly decided I wanted to see India. So I went. When the war broke out, I hurried back to England and enlisted. I've certainly had my share of adventure. Everybody is writing his biography. Maybe, I should write mine."

Victor McLaglen is a free-lance movie star, today. He doesn't have to work, for he has enough money to live comfortably the rest of his life. He accepts parts—his latest picture is "Broadway Limited," released under the banner of United Artists—because he likes to act. He wouldn't know what to do with himself if he weren't acting. His is too restless, too dynamic a personality to be content with the life of a rancher. As a sideline, however, there is nothing better, he finds, than ranching.

Yet, growing grapes and raising thoroughbreds comprise only one sideline. A major activity off the studio lot is his Light Horse Troop. Organized more than eight years ago, long before there was a sign of war, it numbers nearly 1,000 men who meet regularly each week for drills and maneuvers and social ex-

Eleanor Powell introduces three brilliant, new tap routines in her latest musical, "Lady Be Good," in which Ann Sothern and Bob Young also appear.





Betty Grable and her famous legs in "A Yank in the R.A.F.," in which she co-stars with Tyrone Power.

change. McLaglen is the commander-in-chief, and the nucleus of the group is a number of Scotch, Irish and English war veterans who have become American citizens. In addition to the cavalry force, there are a motorcycle unit and a nursing and medical corps.

The Victor McLaglen Sport Center is the headquarters of the troop. When not in use by the troop the sport center and its stadium are the scenes for professional football, baseball, rodeos and midget auto racing. The revenues that accrue from these activities pay the expenses of the troop.

So successful has been the Light Horse Troop that McLaglen decided to organize a Girl Troop and a boys' club called Victor McLaglen's Kids. Once a year he sends the boys to Catalina Island for an outing. He finds that the group activity develops resourcefulness, healthy interests, mutual cooperativeness.

"The Girl Troop has developed into one of the most efficient equestrienne outfits in the world," he declares. "And the organization expands the girls' personalities. I've seen girls who were drab and nega-

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tive upon joining the troop blossom out in a few weeks into vivid and attractive figures. You know, they gave an exhibition at the San Francisco Fair, and they were the talk of the place."

"What a man!" you might say of Victor McLaglen. His tireless energy keeps driving him on to new fields, new ideas, new interests. He finds time to act in pictures, oversee his ranch, direct his troops, play a season of personal appearances and enjoy life with the gusto that is his stock in trade. You have only to hear him laugh his robustious, ear-shattering laugh or listen to him berating Adolf and his gang to appreciate that gusto.

Beneath the hearty vitality you can detect a vague nostalgia. He gives off even so slightly the suggestion that he would

like to be young again and in the thick of it with the Anzacs in the Near East. Particularly does the old devil-may-care spirit of his fighting days come back as he reads of the action in Iraq.

It was in Iraq, then known as Mesopotamia, that he ended his war days. His labors with the Irish Fusiliers earned him a captain's chevrons. After the British conquered Bagdad he became provost marshal of the city. His principal duty was to maintain order and to check the enemy espionage system behind his own lines. It was, he remembers, fascinating work.

"And here the British are again at Bagdad," he smiled, "and I'm not there to help them maintain order. It makes me a bit homesick—that's what it does. If I were only twenty-five years younger!"

International Lady

[Continued from page 49]

she would from the beginning. Her eyes studied him coquettishly. They were so wide and young and vulnerable, her eyes. They looked like blue flowers. It was a miracle they could have stayed that way, seemingly so innocent of all deception.

Then as they walked down the deserted street, she hesitated for just a moment as she saw a man step from another doorway and walk behind them. She knew that man, Sergeant Moulton of Scotland Yard. Had they become suspicious, just now when she was beginning to feel so safe?

"I think," she looked anxiously up at her escort, "someone is following us. That man, he was hiding in a doorway."

"You are getting the jitters, aren't you?" Jim said easily. He turned and looked directly at the man behind them. "Looking for me?" he asked bluntly.

Carla could have burst out laughing. Could this really be the man the ring was beginning to suspect? How could they think that anyone as thoroughly naive, as almost stupid as Jim was showing himself to be, could be involved in international intrigue? Why, it was the worst thing a suspect could do, letting it be known he was aware he was being followed.

"If I were," the man said coolly, "I should have caught up with you long ago."

In spite of that instinct warning her that she was the quarry Carla couldn't help giggling at the look of discomfiture sweeping over Jim's face. He was such an idiot. But he was so nice, too. Only Carla mustn't allow herself to think that about Jim or any man. She mustn't allow herself to think *anything*, anything at all.

It was fun in the boiler room night club. There was laughter and gaiety and music and if it weren't for the boys in the R. A. F. uniforms and the young lieutenant with one arm in a sling, it would be difficult to realize a war and an air raid were going on. And she was having fun, in spite of everything, she was having more fun than she had ever had before. Then quickly she tensed as she saw Jim looking at her in that new, intent way.

"I remember you now," he said. "I saw you at the Portuguese Consulate."

Again Carla felt that warm flood of

relief as she smiled up at him.

"That's right. For a visa," she explained. "I expected to go to Lisbon for a singing engagement. But I'm stopping here instead, in hope of getting a U. S. visa. My agent has a wonderful tour booked for me there. But I'm afraid I can't get the visa. My passport is a little old. You see, I left Norway in great haste after the invasion. There was no time to get a new passport. They accepted it here, but England is too busy for concerts. I hoped things might be better in America. But it doesn't look as if I can get there."

"Maybe I can help you?" Jim said sympathetically. "I'm over here on legal business with the Consulate."

"You are kind, very kind," Carla said gratefully. He was sweet, this man, even if he were stupid, taking her Norwegian nationality just on her word and the strength of that passport. After the invasion it had been easy for the conquerors to issue a Norwegian passport to one of their agents.

The laugh died on her lips as she saw Reginald Oliver making his way towards their table. Oliver was the music critic on an important London paper, but Carla had information he was one of Scotland Yard's most brilliant men as well. But she had schooled herself to take him on his own terms, to even flirt with him a little. And now she found herself graciously accepting his invitation to lunch the next day.

But she didn't have lunch with Oliver after all. For at nine the next morning Jim called her and said he had made an appointment for her at the American Consulate. It was so easy, having a man with influence to vouch for her. The red tape was cut to shreds and there was not only the visa but her passage on the Clipper as well. Carla thought she would have had to wait weeks before she would be able to make reservations for that.

"How can I thank you?" she smiled happily at Jim. "I promise to sing at your wedding."

"That's not entirely satisfactory," Jim grinned down on her. "But we can talk it over on the plane. You see, I'll be a passenger, too. I'm taking some confidential papers to America."

There was just time to get their bags and get the plane for Lisbon at Croydon.

Carla drew a deep breath as it lifted from the ground. Up until this moment she hadn't been sure at all that she really was on her way. So many things could happen at the last moment. A telephone call from Scotland Yard would have been enough.

"That sounds like the first free breath you've drawn in a long time," laughed Jim.

"In a way it is," she said quietly. "I suppose everyone feels so who leaves Europe now. I feel that you saved my life."

Jim grinned at her.

"The Chinese believe that if you save anybody's life you are forever responsible for that person," he said.

"But you're Irish," Carla smiled. "Not Chinese."

"You never can tell!" Jim laughed easily.

His manner put her entirely at ease. Any remaining doubts she might have had of him vanished as the plane glided to a stop in the Lisbon Airport.

"We have about two hours before the Clipper leaves," Jim said casually. "Shall we have dinner, or would you prefer to rest?"

Rest! Carla could have laughed at that. As if there ever would be any rest for her, or her associates. And there was that urgent message from Brunner which had come that morning. How amazed he would be to see her here in Lisbon.

"No," her voice was casual. "I think I'll call on the agency that books my concerts."

"All right," Jim said. "I'll take you as soon as I finish with the customs." "No, don't bother," she said quietly. "I'll just jump in a taxi."

Her heart leapt as the taxi started off, for she was another certain that she saw Jim get in another cab that was following right behind her own. Maybe it was she then, not Jim, who had been naive.

But when she arrived at the innocent-looking little music shop in an unfashionable section of town, she didn't see the other cab and she shook off her fears as she went inside. She must watch herself, not let her imagination run wild this way. Overcaution could be as fatal as recklessness.

Then after Brunner had taken her to his office in back of the shop, she forgot everything but the instructions she was receiving.

"I understand," she said finally, looking down at the musical score he had just given her. "This will replace the codes which have been detected in America. It is beautifully worked out."

"Yes," Brunner unbent a little. "Naturally I am proud of it. Three months' work. They were very pleased at Headquarters. Copies of the key have been sent to our agents in all parts of the world. Every conceivable circumstance has been foreseen. Now give me your report."

"I am travelling on a diplomatic passport," she said, smiling at his startled glance. "A friend arranged it. We leave to-night by the Clipper."

"How long have you known him?" Brunner demanded.

"Less than twenty-four hours," Carla said. "He is rather naive and will be useful I hope, unless," suddenly she stopped

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as she heard voices outside, challenging, imperious. Then came three sharp pistol shots in rapid succession.

"Your friend! He followed you!" Brunner's voice tensed as he got between Carla and the door. But he could not shield the two men carrying the limp body of another between them and before he could stop her, Carla ran to the window. Then, as she stared out into the darkness of the night at the wide river flowing in back of the shop, she saw them fling the body into the water. It was too dark to recognize the victim, all she could see was the whiteness of a hand against the blackness of the water before it rose over him and dragged him out of sight.

"What did he do?" She tried to keep her voice steady. "Why?"

"He followed you!" Brunner said coldly. "That is enough!"

Carla looked at him contemptuously. She seemed to have grown inches as she stood there, her small head lifted imperiously, her eyes smouldering now with something that was almost hatred.

"You know perfectly well that I am capable of taking care of myself under such circumstances," she said coldly. "In an emergency all you can think of is a gun. This was murder!"

She stopped, appalled at the wave of emotion sweeping over her. She must not allow herself to feel this way about anyone, certainly not a man whom even she had speculated on as a possible enemy. But she couldn't stop thinking about his grin, about the way his eyes crinkled when he laughed and the lazy charm of his voice.

She saw the taxi standing outside, the same taxi she had seen following her, the driver reading a paper as he waited for a fare whose body even now was being carried out to sea. Something of herself was being carried away in that dark current, she knew that now, the girl she might have been, the love that girl might have known.

Then suddenly she laughed, wildly, hysterically, as another taxi drove up and Jim got out, his hand waved to her in debonair greeting. Oh, it was too silly to have worried like this about that ridiculous man, to have felt like that

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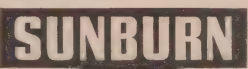
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about him, too.

But she felt curiously safe as he took her arm and helped her into the cab. Never, never again would she suspect this man as long as she lived. Then as she started to board the Clipper, she heard her name called. It was Oliver. She should have known she was not safe, that she could not leave Europe for all that it had seemed so easy those few minutes before.

"Hello." Her voice rose in a gay little infection of pleasure and surprise. What an actress she was, smiling that way with her heart fluttering like a trapped bird. "This is a surprise, Reggie. I'm sorry about lunch to-day, but everything happened so suddenly."

"Please don't apologize," he said easily. "I'm delighted not to be making the trip to America alone. Things happened suddenly to me, too. You know how editors are, jump here, jump there. They decided on a little promotion of good-will in the American press. Hands across the sea and all that sort of nonsense."

Carla laughed easily. This was a game she could play, too. It was fun crossing words with Oliver, this verbal fencing was something she knew all about. Maybe when they got to America he wouldn't be so sure of himself, so glib. Her friends had a way of dealing with enemies.

And in the meantime she was on the Clipper and nothing could happen. It was fun relaxing this way, listening to Jim's lazy pleasantries, flirting with him just a little over their tea cups. After all, flirtation was one of the rules of her game. She must make herself as charming as she could to Jim Hanley, for she could never tell when she might need him.

She had flirted with men before, but this time it was different. Never before had there been that sense almost of loss as she said goodbye to him when the Clipper made its landing at La Guardia Field. And when Henry Grenner, the famous candy manufacturer, who was to be her host, urged him to come out as his guest for the coming week-end, her heart gave a ridiculous leap as her smile played with him to come.

But after she arrived at the Grenner home she was almost sorry he was coming. Danger lurked on the great Long Island estate, from Webster, the shrewd-eyed butler whom Carla recognized as the unscrupulous Colonel Wenzel, one of the chiefs of the spy ring, to Henry Grenner, himself, who for all his supposed Swiss origin and his much publicized aid to Britain, was the ringleader of this group of saboteurs. Then there was Dr. Rowan, the mild-looking little scientist, who had invented the new chemical that was so powerful that only a drop of it injected into the gasoline tank of a plane would corrode and damage the motor so badly that its ultimate wreckage was only a matter of hours.

"Now to business," Grenner announced almost jovially. "Let me see the code."

"Here it is," Carla gave him the musical score she had received from Brunner in Lisbon. "You can understand I haven't had much time to study it. The code signals are spaced, sometimes carried by the accompaniment, sometimes by the voice. It is rather complicated. May I show it to you?"

At his nod she seated herself at the

grand piano, playing her accompaniment. "You see," she looked up at them. "The melody carried straight through, but the messages occur like this." And her left hand executed an intricate off-beat bass note.

"Excellent, my dear," Grenner applauded gaily. "There is no one else capable of such unselfish application and at the same time worthy of our trust. We must be prepared by Saturday for our Washington sources advise that a squad of bombers will take off then. The chemical formula is sensitive. The ingredients must be freshly prepared and used within a few hours."

"Yes," Webster broke in grimly. "And by Saturday night, certain cargo ships will be seven hundred miles at sea. Our submarines must be notified of their exact location. They are carrying airplane parts. You see the urgency? Can you be ready?"

Then as she nodded, Grenner smiled. "Good," he said. "I must make arrangements with the radio station so that your song will be broadcast from here. The rest of the program will go on as usual from our radio studio. And I must notify the newspapers, too, that the great Carla Nilsson will be making her American debut."

It was an impressive company that gathered at the Grenner estate Saturday night to listen to the broadcast. Carla scrutinized each guest as they came in, her heart sinking at the thought of meeting Oliver, who would certainly make it his business to be there. But when Jim Hanley arrived alone, saying that Oliver could not come because as a critic he felt he must listen to her performance on the radio, her spirits lifted.

"But I wouldn't miss the big show for anything," Jim assured her.

"It was so nice of this busy lady to come," Carla said to Mrs. Grenner.

"Yes," the hostess smiled. "I suppose you get involved in all sorts of cases."

"Oh yes, yes indeed," Jim grinned. "Once it was a case of Scotch. But that was a very brief case." And he laughed heartily with the others.

As the program began Carla saw Webster standing just inside a door, facing a mirror so that nothing would escape him. The Grenner program was famous for its loyalty to America and as the patriotic overture swelled into the room she saw the butler's eyes following Jim wherever he went. So they still suspected him, as she had suspected him in the beginning. Later she would tell them how ridiculous it was to think Jim was anything but the naive young man he seemed to be.

The telephone rang just before it was time for her song. Carla's eyes followed Webster as he went into the hall to answer it. She must see him at once, for that call would give them the information they were waiting for, the information she in turn would have to give the agents listening in when she sang. Slowly she made her way through the crowded room and then when she was almost at the door Jim stopped her.

"You're nervous," he said. "Oh, I'll be all right." Carla looked anxiously around for a chance to escape. She must get that message before she went on the air. "I'm always this way

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was Jim.

He was unconscious when she knelt beside him at last, her small wisp of a lace handkerchief inadequately trying to staunch the flow of blood that rushed from the wound Webster's sling shot had left in his forehead. She pushed his coat back then so that she could listen for his heart-beat and as she did she saw the flash of a badge pinned under it. Then she sobbed as she realized the truth. It was an F.B.I. badge she held in her hand.

She had barely time to conceal it in her handkerchief when Webster came up to them. If he had found it that badge would have been Jim's death warrant.

"I'd better search him," Webster said tersely and Carla's hands clenched agonizingly as she wondered if there would be any other evidence. Then when Webster got up she breathed easily again as Grenner's voice called to them from the terrace.

"I'd better explain this," Webster whispered as he rushed off towards the house.

There was just time for Carla to put Jim's badge back where she had found it before he opened his eyes.

"I feel as if I'm standing on my head," he whispered.

She was helping him to his feet when Grenner and Webster came hurrying towards them, full of apologies for the thing that had happened. Webster had thought him a burglar, Grenner explained smoothly, but Carla knew from the look in his eyes that he was far from satisfied that Hanley was innocent.

It was impossible to even think of sleep that night and it was only when morning came and she saw Jim leaving for the station in the Grenner car that she could force herself to relax. But later when she went downstairs she knew something was wrong, for Grenner was pacing the floor nervously and Dr. Rowan looked as if he had collapsed into the chair he was sitting in.

"Carla, sit down, please," Grenner said. "Something happened last night. Our laboratory was raided. Two of our men have disappeared and the place was destroyed by fire. Last night, as you know, a telephone call came from the laboratory. We have had many such calls in the past, but after this one someone struck quickly. Now we have investigated your friend Mr. Hanley and have verified he is a member of a New York law firm and last night, as you know, Webster had an opportunity to search him and discovered nothing. And as we found the missing music score this morning under the piano where it had evidently blown, we have dismissed him from suspicion."

Carla's first instinct was relief. Then her eyes narrowed as she thought of the things that had happened during the night. She had to remain loyal to her country. No matter what the cost would be she would have to tell them who Jim really was.

"I didn't tell you last night because I wanted Mr. Hanley to be out of this house before anything was done that we might regret," she faltered after she had told them of her discovery that Jim was a government agent. "He learned nothing. He does not know we suspect him and he has no reason to suspect us. We are well rid of him and we can take care never to see him again."

"No, my dear," Grenner laughed softly. "We shall not drop Mr. Hanley. We shall see him again very soon. Carla, you are to write to-day inviting him to your next broadcast. And I will make the arrangements for that at once."

Another song of destruction! Carla felt as if she could not go through with it again. But it wasn't until after the broadcast she knew Grenner was demanding more than that she give the signal which would destroy the flying fortresses waiting to leave from Canada. For as she reached the roof of the fashionable hotel where Grenner was giving a dinner party in her honor, Webster came to her with new orders. She had been chosen to give the signal for Jim's death, too.

Oh, they thought they were being so clever about it. They only asked that at ten o'clock she was to get Jim away from the other guests and bring him to a secluded corner of the roof. But from where she sat she saw Webster lurking in the shadows on the roof of the office building next door watching her as she talked to Jim.

She had sworn to do their bidding, as she had sworn she would serve her country. Jim was an enemy of that country, his very existence a threat to its safety and ultimate victory. She must remember that, she told herself, looking at Jim, her laugh closing gayly over the desolation in her heart. She must remember that, only that and forget all the things she knew about him, the sweetness, the tenderness.

All the things she had lived by, the things her father had taught her, the instinct for self-preservation these arduous years had instilled in her came to help her now. She found herself acting as an automaton as she kept up her gay banter with Jim and then just before ten she rose and held out her hand to him.

"Let's have our coffee over there," she suggested, looking at the table and chairs in the shadows.

But as they walked she instinctively placed herself between him and the man waiting on the roof.

"We ought to celebrate," Jim said, taking her arm. "The ghosts are walking again."

"Perhaps for the last time," she said and she trembled a little as if with cold, though the night was warm.

"Why do you say that?" he asked. "Only," she hesitated, "only because I am going on a long tour and who knows if I will come back? Who can tell what may happen?"

"Sometimes we can make things happen the way we want them," Jim said slowly. "If we try hard enough."

"Even ghosts?" Carla asked. "Even when circumstances seem stronger than we are?"

She stopped as somewhere in the distance a clock began striking and instinctively she braced herself as she saw the man on the next roof move forward in the shadows. A light glinted on the pistol he held in his outstretched hand and suddenly Carla broke. She could not do this thing. She could be a traitor to anyone, she knew that now, to any country even her own, but she could not be a traitor to Jim.

So this was love then, this quickening

in her heart making it come slowly, agonizingly to life. She had never guessed love was like this, holding pain as well as happiness, holding ecstasy even as it held desolation. The man on the roof raised his arm and again the pistol glistened in the light as Carla threw herself forward and clung to Jim, her body shielding him from that onrushing death. There was that moment so happy because she had found him, so desolate because she was losing him in that same instant before she felt the searing pain in her back and Jim's arms closing around her as she collapsed.

He stared down at her, his face white and shaken and she had a confused feeling of people rushing around, of Jim showing his badge and ordering the head waiter to take charge of her until the police arrived.

"She must be held," his voice came clipped and cold for all the agony in his eyes. "When the police arrive give this. It is the authority for her arrest." And then he was off swiftly in pursuit of Webster.

So Jim had been playing his own game then. Her smile twisted in her still face as she realized that even as she was willing to give her life for him, he had been planning her downfall.

Maybe it would have been better to have died, she thought, lying on the narrow hospital bed, watching the policeman pace the corridor outside her door. Oh, she had been a fool to think that she had ever meant anything to Jim but a pawn in the game he was playing, a

quarry to be hunted and trapped.

Then it must have been imagination, for she heard his voice speaking her name. But when she looked up she saw it was really Jim coming into the room, closing the door behind him and looking almost shy as he walked over to her bed.

Afterwards, there would be so many things to say. She would hear the story of all that had happened, how Jim had known everything there was to know about her from the beginning and how he had helped her to come to America so that he and Oliver could track the band of saboteurs. She would hear that it was one of Oliver's men who had followed her that night in Lisbon and that, but for a circumstance, it might have been Jim who had found death in that black, rushing river. She would know it was Oliver, disguised as one of the waiters she had seen coming out of Grenner's library the night of the broadcast and know he had intercepted the telephone message that had told them where to find the secret laboratory and she would know too that Webster was dead and that Grenner and the doctor were under arrest and that there would be years of waiting before she would be free to go to Jim again.

She guessed most of those things as she looked up at Jim, but they didn't matter any longer. None of them mattered. Only his kiss meant anything now, his kiss and that new look in his eyes which told her the ghosts had vanished forever and in their place was a man and woman who loved each other.

Reviews

[Continued from page 61]

Jenkins becoming a hooper again. There's so much music and dancing that there isn't much time for story, and the story, as you can well imagine, is on the weak side. Rudy Vallee and Richard Lane play a couple of guys who go into show business, and are broken up and almost ruined by Rosemary Lane. Ann Miller and a talent scout from Hollywood come to their rescue. Ann Miller gives out with those exciting fast dance routines which she made famous on the New York stage. The genties are saying that she has the prettiest pair of stems they've seen in many a long day.

BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO IN THE NAVY

Gobs of Fun—Universal

THIS is the sequel of the sensationally popular "Buck Privates," which has been cleaning up at the box-offices all over the country. It has the added attraction of Dick Powell, and it is destined to do considerable cleaning up also. The picture is at its best when Dick sings, and when Abbott and Costello go into their vaudeville routines. The story's about a crooning radio idol who becomes so fed up with his drooling women fans that he joins the Navy under an assumed name to get away from it all. (*Crooners don't usually like to get so far away from their fans, but it's a good idea anyway.*) Aboard his ship are Abbott and Costello in cute little middle blouses, and Claire Dodd, a maga-

zine writer, who is hell-bent on getting a story of the idol's disappearance. Dick, of course, is the idol, and in the end Claire marries him to save him from the drooling women. Highspots in the picture are the Andrews Sisters, with their close harmonies, and the Condos Brothers, with their fast stepping dances. Good entertainment.

WEST POINT WIDOW

SENTIMENT ON PARADE—Paramount

AND this is one of those. Anne Shirley plays a nice girl, who marries a West Point guy, who turns out to be something of a heel. Ann consents to an annulment in order that her husband may finish his schooling, which wasn't very smart of her to do, on account she was going to have a baby. She gets a job in a hospital in order to support her child, and there she meets Richard Carlson, a young interne, who has more sense than anybody in the picture. Two years later the West Point cad gets his diploma, and it's all right for him to become a papa and a husband—but that seems to be the last thing he wants to become. So Anne sees the light at last, says nerts to chivalry, and turns to her interne, who has been waiting for her all along. Richard Denning plays the West Pointer who is no gentleman, and Janet Beecher his snobbish mother. Stand-out in a very sentimental picture is the grand performance of Maude Eburne.

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BILLY THE KID

A NEW BOB TAYLOR—M-G-M

ROBERT TAYLOR gives his best performance to date in this swell western (*done in the most beautiful Technicolor*) which does a bit of white-washing of America's Billy the Kid legend. Bob plays Billy, of course, a slim young kid, extremely handy with his guns. When Billy was just a kid he saw a deputy shoot his father in the back, and ever since then he has hated the law with a passionate hate. So he takes a job with Gene Lockhart, local politician, and boss of a gang of cattle rustlers, and as tough a gang of cutthroats as you ever saw. Their idea is to kill off the cattle of a nice Englishman land-owner, Ian Hunter, so that Lockhart can be the big beef man of that neck of the desert. Bob meets an old pal, Brian Donlevy, who works for Hunter and his sister, Mary Howard, and the first thing you know that grim, silent Kid has switched over to the side of the Law. There's much excitement, hard riding, hard shooting, and a climax you don't expect. Whatever became of "Pretty Boy" Taylor?

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

ANOTHER FERDINAND THE BULL—Walt Disney

THIS is what thousands upon thousands of people in America would like to do, if only they had the opportunity: Go leisurely through the Disney studio and see how Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and all those amusing Disney comedies are made. And now genial Mr. Disney gives you the opportunity, to stroll with your eyes, all through his celebrated studio. If you don't know how cartoons are made when he finishes, well, at least you've had fun. For the first time Disney combines real people with his cartoon characters, and the two mediums are nicely balanced. Robert Benchley, so the plot goes, is urged by his wife, Nana Bryant, to go over to the Disney studio and persuade Mr. Disney to do an amusing cartoon on "The Reluctant Dragon." Once inside the studio, Benchley ducks his guide, and slips in and out of the various departments—art class, color department, story conference, etc., and meets up with one adventure after another. In one department he sees a color short on "How to Ride a Horse," which has him, and you, in hysterics, and in another he sees a clever bit of satire called "Baby Weems," which packs tremendous audience appeal. By the time the guide runs him down he has his arms full of souvenirs, and has had one hell of a good time. He finds Disney in the projection room just about to see his newest cartoon which is, of course, "The Reluctant Dragon." The cartoon is then shown, and proves to be one of Disney's best. The Reluctant Dragon, who'd rather have a cup of tea than fight, now takes his place in cinema history alongside of Ferdinand the Bull, who so dearly loved to smell flowers.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS

FEUD FOR THOUGHT—Paramount

THE newest adaptation of Harold Bell Wright's famous novel is done in beautiful Technicolor, and has that esti-

mable old-timer, Harry Carey, celebrating his thirty-three years in pictures with a fine performance of "the shepherd." The action takes place in the Ozark mountains, where the illiterate, superstitious mountain folk are engaged in making moonshine, or hating each other in their passionate feuds. John Wayne, handsome young mountaineer, and nephew of Beulah Bondi, a grim, poisonous woman, has taken the "blood oath" to kill his own father for the wrong he did his mother. A kindly stranger, Harry Carey, comes into the hills one day, and with sympathy and goodness starts winning over the mountain people—but it is soon discovered that he is the man John Wayne has sworn to kill. Betty Field plays a young mountain girl, in love with John, who does her part towards helping "the shepherd" win back his son. Stand-out scenes are where Marjorie Main, as a woman who has been blind since birth, first sees the beauties of the earth; and where Beulah Bondi performs a weird cremation rite following the death of her son.

UNDERGROUND

TIMELY AND THRILLING—Warners

HERE'S a thriller-diller that will have you holding on to your seats in breathless excitement. It's about the illegal radios used to spread anti-Nazi propaganda right under Hitler's nose in Berlin. Naturally, Adolf, Goering, Goebbels, and all the Nazi boys are anxious to squash these radios, and if anyone gets caught it's death in the afternoon. Jeffrey Lynn and Phillip Dorn play two German brothers, Eric and Kurt, one a fighter for his country, and the other the head of the underground movement which seeks to bring truth to the people of Germany by radio. Kaaren Verne plays a cafe violinist, who is a member of the underground group, and who falls in love with Jeffrey. Mona Maris plays a secretary to the Gestapo, but who is really a spy. Martin Kosleck, whose performance as Dr. Goebbels in "The Confessions of a Nazi Spy," had everybody raving, gives another fine portrayal of a cruel, sinister Gestapo agent.

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE

UNLIKE THE STAGE SUCCESS—Paramount

CLARE BOOTHE will never recognize her pet play, in which she gave Hollywood the acid treatment, as the film version is something else entirely. But there is one thing the movie still has in common with the play—it's entertainment. Mary Martin plays Cindy Lou Bethany, who has left her kin folks down in Gawjab and come all the way up No'th to get a job on the stage, without any luck. When she reads that a big New York producer is looking for an "unknown" for his popular revues, she goes back home, plans a new attack, and becomes the "find" of the year. (This is what has happened to Clare's search for a Scarlett O'Hara!) But anyway, it's great fun, mostly on account of Mary Martin who has to polish up her Southern accent, do as discreet a strip tease as you've ever seen on celluloid, and fall in love with Don Ameche. The newspaper columnist, cherished by Miss Boothe, is now a song-writer, played by Oscar Levant.

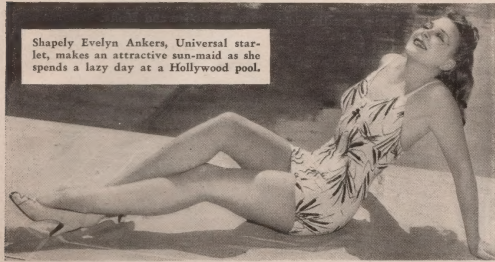
Perfection of the Permanent

[Continued from page 37]

disarrange a smooth, lovely effect.

There are a number of good lotions that help in a reset, or you may get good results from warm water, alone. You have no idea what thought and designing goes into a hairpin these days. That small object of your grooming gets skilled thought and care in its making. And there are

Shapely Evelyn Ankers, Universal starlet, makes an attractive sun-maid as she spends a lazy day at a Hollywood pool.



Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 59]

"I try *not* to remember! In fact, I guess what I do is *forget* . . . everything else except the character I am portraying. I try to forget that I'm Lucille Ball, that my husband is making a test on the next stage, that the man is coming to put those trees in near our pool, that we have a dinner date somewhere with someone—these things I put out of my mind so that all that remains is the person I'm supposed to be, and what she would do and say.

"If I know my lines, so that I don't have to think about remembering them, then all I have to do is *be* that other girl. The rest is up to the director, cameraman and all the crew. They've really done some remembering to do."

Neatly put, this job of forgetting, rather than remembering. I'm a confirmed sceptic, of course, and I doubt if any ingenuous screen role demands much more than a well coiffured coiffure, a smartly designed dress, a certain charm that gets over as charm, plus a personality that photographs, at least moderately, as personality. But there you have Lucille Ball's own comment. Who am I to argue?

EDDIE BRACKEN came from the Broadway stage to score as Bob Hope's stooge and handy man in that new and amusing preparedness farce, "Caught in the Draft." I thought a good question to ask Eddie would be something like this: What's the most dangerous menace a serious young actor has to face in Hollywood? But Bracken, I'm afraid, wouldn't take me too seriously—or maybe he did. Anyway, here's the Bracken come-back:

little combs and clasps and barettes that hold you well in place. It will pay you on your next trip through your ten-cent store or through the notions section of your department store to give these hair aids your close scrutiny. You can make discoveries!

As a final thought, remember that your good permanent is like a good figure. It is a foundation. To attain the closest thing possible to natural curls and to have your hair soft, easy to manage, its own color and highlights true to life, is a foregone conclusion if your permanent is a Frederics.

"I don't know how it is with other young actors, but my worst menace out here in the Hollywoods is the weather—with all due apologies to the Southern California boosters, who can't please everyone.

"The weather out here is just too darned perverse. It's good when it might as well be bad, and vice versa. What I mean is this. During the shooting of 'Caught in the Draft,' which was largely out-of-doors, we had some of the worst rainstorms I've ever seen. Why, even the army tanks were mudbound. So we stood around in our slickers and made takes between showers. For every inch of rain we exposed a hundred feet of film.

"And now, during the making of 'Sing a Song of Homicide,' the sun shines continually day after day. So what do we do? We work inside dank, dark sound stages.

"I've looked up in a book what my symptoms mean. I'm morose. I snap at my wife. I growl back at my dog. I hiss my lines through my teeth. I'm . . .

"Anyway, I'm allergic to weather, whatever it's like."

Coming from the New York stage, where the weather depends upon the stage directions, I'm afraid Eddie cannot accustom himself to nature. That's the way it is with every actor whose background has been canvas rocks and hand-painted trees, whose storms are off-stage with the theatre crew perspiring over the din. That, in fact, is one vital difference between a stage play and a movie. With Hollywood the background is as authentic as Mother Nature can do it in her spare moments. Eddie will get acclimated—in time.

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would cause Mrs. Grundy to lift her eyebrows. But Joan's catches up with her and she and Hank have a battle. She is packing up to leave when the village doctor comes to call and tells Hank she is going to have a little one.

"And you were going away without telling me," he marvels.

"I couldn't—after what happened this afternoon," she answers. "I wasn't going to hold that over your head."

"But you can't leave now," he protests. "What about the baby?"

"Well, what about it?" she snaps.

"You've got to have somebody to look after you," he informs her.

"I'll manage," is her rejoinder.

I'll say she will. For all her baby face there is one girl who knows how to take care of herself in the clinches.

When I first knew Joan she was blonde. Then she was raven-tressed. Now her hair is pretty nearly natural and it's the prettiest of all—very dark brown with golden glints in it.

"My stand-in came down with the measles today," she announces to me, "and everybody on the set is scared stiff somebody else will have it. Hank has never had that malady," she grins.

Well, Mr. Fonda, say I, life isn't all beer and skittles. You have to take the measles with the champagne and if you get 'em, you get 'em and you just have to make the best of it—like a hangover.

After that, conversation lags so I turn to—

M-G-M

ONCE again I find a perfect beehive of activity.

I guess the biggest picture is "Honky Tonk," starring Clark Gable, with Lana Turner and Claire Trevor, although, of course, Claire isn't working today because she's on "Texas." It seems everywhere I go it's near the end of the picture, but I am not going to make a walking plot directory of myself. Suffice to say Clark is a con man. This scene is where Clark and Albert Dekker, the crooked boss of the town, tangle. Dekker has been cheating at cards in his gambling hall and Clark catches him. There is a revolver with five blanks and a live cartridge in a chamber. Clark suggests that they take turns pointing the gun at their own heads and pulling the trigger, once at a time, until one of them is killed. But when three blanks have been drawn Dekker gets cold feet.

"You can throw in your hand, if you want to," Clark concedes, "only it'll cost you \$5,000."

Dekker looks at him a moment, then throws him the gun. "It's a bet. Give me \$5,000, Blackie," this last to the bartender.

Clark takes the money, then points the gun at his own head and pulls the trigger. It's a blank!

A few minutes after the scene is finished Carole Lombard comes in and lets out one of her famous warwhoops.

"They tell me you were PRETTY hammy in that last scene," she kids Clark.

"Honey," he assures her, "you could smell the corn clean out on Washington

Pictures On the Fire!

[Continued from page 67]

Boulevard."

NEXT is a new Dr. Kildare picture tentatively called "Mary Names The Day," but you can bet the title will be changed.

This is just a routine scene so there is no use going into all the details, although I don't want you to think I'm belittling the picture as this is the one where Laraine Day finally sets the date for her marriage to Lew Ayres.

"Hey, Lew," I yell at him when the scene is over, "I gotta do a story on you again—finally."

"Well, that's fine-ly," Lew quips. "Why don't you come out and split a sandwich with me Wednesday? If I'm not working you can either have the sandwich by yourself and charge it to me or come up to the house and we'll have lunch there."

"You're a cinch," I agree and proceed to where—

ANN SOTHERN is disporting herself in "Ringside Maizie." George Murphy, Robert Sterling, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack LaRue and Virginia O'Brien are also in this opus. The scene I watch is between Sterling (a prizefighter) and Eddie Simms (another fighter) who has accidentally blinded him and it's a good scene, but not germane to the plot.

So I'll take up space reminding you that Virginia O'Brien is the "dead-pan" torch singer and you ain't heard nothing until you hear her sing.

And also, in case you missed it, I must tell you about a crack in Walter Winchell's column anent Maxie. "Reports from the Coast," reports Winchell, "state that Maxie Rosenbloom is taking dancing les-

sons. Oh! Going back into the ring, eh?"

Ann is Maizie to the teeth. A floppy hat with flowers underneath the brim and a dress that would never permit her to pass without comment, even if her personality would.

R-K-O

THERE are several going here, too, but they'll all keep until next month, except "Look Who's Laughing." This stars one of my favorites—Lucille Ball—and Edgar Bergen (who is decidedly NOT one of my favorites although I must admit he has one of the keenest wits extant) and Neil Hamilton, to say nothing of Fibber McGee and Molly.

Did I ever mention that there is no use trying to outline the plot of a picture starring comics (take a bow, Lucille)? Oh, I did? Well, I repeat.

It all turns out that Neil is the president of an airline and Fibber and Molly have been trying to get him to locate his new landing field in their town. And, of course, everything goes haywire. At the end it turns out that the absent-minded Bergen (who has been trying to help Fibber and Molly) is the president of the company and Neil is just telling him about his owning the stock.

The highlight of this visit, though, is not the scene, but an *entre-acte* incident. Charlie McCarthy has just "worked" in one scene with Lucille and is due for another session. Between takes, Bergen has changed Charlie's clothes. Charlie is sitting in a chair and Bergen is across the stage. Lucille meanders over to Charlie, notes the change in attire and starts feeling the material of his new suit—up around the lapels—and stroking it. Bergen, clean across the stage, sees Lucille.

"Miss Ball," Charlie says suddenly, reproachfully, "you wouldn't like me to do that to you—would you?"

Did I ever mention that there is no better time to sign off than on a high note? Oh, I did? Well, goodbye, folks.



Having done so well in "Out Of The Fog," Ida Lupino is now making "Ladies In Retirement," a chiller. Her husband, Louis Hayward, is also in the cast.

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